THE LIBERAL MIDWEST **THOMAS D. ANDERSON**

THE NATION

DECEMBER 13, 1975 50 cents

Tomb Painting, T'ang Dynasty (706 A.D.)

PREMEDITATED AMNESIA

American Attitudes Toward History

Alexander Woodside

Image Traps ***Paul Preston***

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF SPAIN

Art Books and Records of 1975

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY **DAVID HAMILTON**

Terrod Library
...als Dept.
...e St. Univ
...y, Tn. 37601
DEC 8 1975

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

condescending to Africa

New York City

"A Hard Look at Africa" by Michael R. Codel [*The Nation*, Nov. 22], is not hard at all; it is casual, imprecise, with undertones of racism. Take a hard look at it:

(*1*) It is shallow. Kissinger's new policy for Africa is not new, Codel says. I would add that his analysis is not new for anyone who has read even minimally. Corruption, money going to leaders instead of people: it is the long sad story of our foreign aid, including Indonesia and South America. . . . Codel's call for the United States to stop acting like a great power is sophomoric.

(*2*) It is condescending. Tribalism is a form of social and political organization, and I wonder that anyone living in the disorganized mess of this country can assume that it is necessarily primitive, fighting for slaves or for disputed hunting ground. . . . Are Western-style wars and political struggles more civilized?

(*3*) Everything else aside, there is an ugly implication of racism in the article. The use of terms like "street-wise," "welfare cheats," "semi-literate thieves" bring to mind the same terms used in this country by bigots. Maybe Mr. Codel didn't mean what he implies; but where is his sensitivity?. . .

To compare: Penny Lernoux on Latin America in the same issue is superb.

Ruth Goldberg

cure for the myth

New York City

In "Drugging for Deportment" [*The Nation*, Nov. 1], Farnum Gray accepts the contention that there exists such a condition as "hyperactivity" among children, but feels that drugs should not be used to control it because it has been shown that they somewhat inhibit learning. To this a Ritalin-pushing teacher would reply: "The small extent to which drugs inhibit learning in a minority is more than made up for by the ability of the majority to learn more effectively without constant disruption."

The most telling argument against the use of Ritalin in the classroom is that, in point of fact, the condition it is said to control does not exist. Never before in human history—not in Puritan New England, not in Victorian England, not in Nazi Germany—has youthful boisterousness and restlessness been defined as a pathological disease requiring constant medication. On the contrary, American parents should be thankful that their children are not afflicted with the scourge of less fortunate nations—starvation-induced lethargy. Rambunctiousness is the price we pay for healthy children.

The sample studied by the researchers Gray cites is in itself revealing—"a class of thirty-eight fifth graders in Atlanta, Ga." With thirty-eight kids in one room, no wonder there is a behavior problem! Imagine if suddenly there were thirty-eight normal 9-year-olds in the room you are in right now.

Here are kids who live in apartments and suburban tracts with limited outdoor facilities, full of excess energy from being gorged by their parents on sugar-coated Froot Loops and orange soda, forced to sit still all day in a room jammed with twice as many kids as should be there—no wonder they're climbing the walls! (In one recent experiment, it so happens, so-called "hyperactive" children were found to "improve" when foods laced with preservatives and artificial colorings and flavorings were eliminated from their diet.)

The problem is not to find a rationale against drugging for hyperactivity but to counteract the notion that there is such a thing as hyperactivity in the first place. This whole business (it *is* a business, by the way, as is any government-financed program that involves providing 2 million human beings with medication for years on end) must be seen as a *de facto* conspiracy of incompetent teachers against children. Instead of fighting against being saddled with thirty-eight-pupil classrooms, instead of learning the tricks of the trade that have enabled good teachers to keep high spirits from interfering with learning since the beginning of human culture, they are creating a generation of drug-dependent somnambulists who will never learn true self-control.

Craig Karpel

EDITORIALS

The Two-China Policy

What is the administration's China policy? President Ford's latest jaunt seemed at the time he left to be largely symbolic, planned primarily with an eye to strengthening his domestic political image. By most accounts, the Chinese leadership, now somewhat in flux, is in no mood to negotiate beyond the 1972 agreements. What do Ford and Kissinger have in mind for the duration of the current Presidential term?

Reports suggest that the leadership in Peking has cooled to the idea of further diplomatic détente, of going beyond the Nixon agreements made several years back. The causes for this loss of enthusiasm are no doubt varied. Both parties to the talks were issuing communiqués liberally sprinkled with amiable adjectives like "earnest" and "significant" and the infirm Chairman Mao received President Ford, his family, Mr. Kissinger and assorted aides. At the same time, almost every public statement from the Chinese side during the Ford visit alluded to U.S. détente with Russia, so it is apparent that the three-nation balance of power is still very much on the Chinese mind. A less complex, but still vexing issue that holds China aloof is recent American policy regarding Taiwan. Kissinger and Nixon agreed in 1972 that there is only one China, but little has been done since then to suggest that our link to Taiwan is weakening. As John Stuart Service, once among the State Department's leading Sinologists, noted at Stanford last month, America is still bound by a security treaty with the Tapei regime. Since the 1972 agreement, Service said, the administration has sent Taiwan eighty-five fighter planes, four destroyers and more than 100 tanks—in addition to establishing a factory there capable of producing more F-105 fighters.

So the Chinese have reason to doubt the administration's commitment to normalizing Peking-Washington relations. Kissinger and Ford know that the Chinese won't exchange ambassadors until the United States breaks its defense pact with the island that Peking regards as a Chinese province. And the Chinese probably are disappointed by the administration's failure to unfreeze mainland assets in America or to press for favorable trade status for the People's Republic.

Service says the administration's actions constitute a "dangerous, short-sighted two-China policy." It's a policy the PRC leaders won't legitimize by resuming full diplomatic relations. They undoubtedly know, as Service pointed out, that American interests have $500 million directly invested in Taiwan, that since 1972 the number of American bank branches there has jumped from two to eight, that the U.S. Export-Import Bank offers Taiwan unlimited credit, that half of all American television sets are assembled there by underpaid workers.

The Chinese have nevertheless been improving their trade relations with American companies. Sophisticated oil development equipment has been purchased from Houston. But the economic interests of the PRC, which appear increasingly tied to petroleum resource exploitation, seem restrained by the present Chinese leadership's perception

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Asian politics. Fearing an expanded Soviet naval presence in the Pacific, and concerned about Japanese-American military power in the region, the Chinese seem determined to see a substantial reduction of U.S. presence on Taiwan before conceding more on the diplomatic level. Greater Sino-American amity would probably benefit this country more than the Chinese, at least for the near future. Service noted that "They buy more from us than we buy from them," something hardly lost on Ford's business advisers. The potential for trade, and for harmonious settlement of Pacific disputes, is such that the administration should cease its two-China policy, perhaps through negotiation easing the way for a peaceful reconciliation of Taiwan with the mainland. There is only one China, after all, and if Ford and Kissinger are seriously interested in promoting world peace they will incorporate that fact, acknowledged in 1972, into a policy that values substantive negotiation over symbolic excursions.

Disclose the Evidence

The time has come for a carefully limited survey of the roles played by the CIA and FBI in the investigations of the assassinations of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King. President Ford is right when he says that it should be done by "some responsible group or organization," led by "somebody other than I appoint." A joint Congressional committee, adequately funded and with full subpoena power, is in order.

The probe we endorse would be sharply targeted. As CBS News demonstrated last month, the Warren Commission's conclusion that Oswald was the lone gunman in the November 1963 assassination is plausible. Unless probable cause is shown for believing that other killers may have been involved—and thus far that has not been shown—revived investigative effort should assume that conclusion; if it does not, its focus may be fatally diffused.

Yet the latest CIA-FBI disclosures provide probable cause to think that the members of the Warren Commission—and those investigating King's killing—did not know all that the CIA and FBI knew about the two assassinations. Both agencies withheld pertinent information from the commission concerning Oswald's background and agency ties. And the FBI, under J. Edgar Hoover's direction, harassed King, even tried to persuade him to commit suicide, and had him under such comprehensive surveillance—which it did not admit at the time Ray was investigated and tried—that there is reason to believe important information may be locked in its files concerning King's death.

The evidence shows that both Hoover and then CIA Director John McCone gave assurances under oath to the Warren Commission that the two agencies had complied with its requests for all relevant information. These assertions have been proved untrue. Almost from the start, the FBI discouraged any commission investigation except that which would inescapably lead to the conclusion that Oswald was a solitary killer. The commission was not told of CIA assassination plots in Cuba, nor was it fully informed about FBI knowledge of and connections with Oswald. Richard Helms, then Deputy Director of the CIA, now says he failed to tell the commission about the foreign

IN THIS ISSUE

December 13, 1975

EDITORIALS

610

ARTICLES

614 Premeditated Amnesia: American Attitudes Toward History — *Alexander Woodside*

618 Image Traps: The Communist Party of Spain — *Paul Preston*

622 Bugs in a Frying Pan: Chopping California's Cotton — *Christopher Biffle*

625 Geographical Surprise: The Liberal Midwest — *Thomas D. Anderson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

627 Naipaul: Guerrillas — *Charles R. Larson*

627 Fox (poem) — *Joan Keefe*

628 Corle: Fig Tree John — *Robert F. Sayre*

628 Survival (poem) — *Anne S. Perlman*

629 Art Books — *Lawrence Alloway*

634 Records 1975 — *David Hamilton*

635 Books by *Nation* Contributors

638 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23) by the Nation Company and copyright 1975 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $17.50; two years, $30. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 221
No. 20

The Sherrod Library
FAST TENNESSEE TO UNLOCK
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plots because "the precise question" had not been asked. That just won't wash. Nor will suspicions about FBI-CIA connections with Oswald easily be dispelled. Allen Dulles, a member of the Warren group and a former CIA Director himself, told the commission in 1964 that even if Oswald had at some time been employed by the FBI, as has been widely suspected, he believed Hoover would have lied to the commission about it. "I would tell the President of the United States," Dulles said. "I wouldn't necessarily tell anybody else, unless the President authorized me to do it."

It's time someone else was told. The joint Congressional committee should investigate charges of nondisclosure and possible conscious deception. The law does not authorize the lying that Dulles said was practiced according to routine policy. Assurances should be sought, under threat of perjury charges, that all material in CIA and FBI possession relating to the assassinations has been disclosed.

However, it can reasonably be expected that even a joint Congressional investigation will never unearth all the existent material that relates to the two assassinations. If agency heads like Dulles and Hoover will lie, it is plausible that agency employees will lie to protect themselves and their superiors. *Newsweek* had it right when it said recently that the CIA and FBI operated under a "sophisticated system of institutionalized vagueness and circumlocution." The problem was faced—but not resolved—by the Warren Commission: namely, how could a mere special commission go beyond the sworn assurances of top agency directors in seeking to verify statements for which no contrary evidence was available? The experience of the past is discouraging. Helms himself was asked by Senator Mansfield to retain in CIA files all materials possibly relevant to the Watergate crimes. He promptly ordered them destroyed. Richard Nixon was undone by his anal obsession with preserving the evidence; rarely are political criminals so dispatched.

Yet despite these barriers to uncovering the truth, the attempt must be made. Not, as former commission counsel David Belin has said, to help bring about a "rebirth of confidence and trust in government," but to reveal to the limits of possibility the truth of these crimes and the illegal concealment of evidence concerning them by the FBI and CIA. A majority of the American people doubts the Warren report's conclusions. At least a good many feel the truth has yet to be learned about James Earl Ray. It may now be too late to learn definitively whether or not there are grounds for these doubts. Deception, deaths, failing memories and the shredder may have placed the required evidence beyond even the subpoena's reach. But it is time that a limited inquiry of the type suggested be made, time that a joint Congressional committee attempt to force disclosure of every fact and piece of evidence either agency ever had in its possession bearing on these murders.

Nation-Progressive Dinner Party

We hope that all our readers who possibly can will attend this outstanding event. *Date*—Tuesday, December 16th; *place*—the Waldorf Astoria, Park Avenue and 50th Street, New York City; *time*—5:45 for the reception, 6:45 for the dinner.

Sponsored by Ralph Nader, who will pay tribute to the two congenial magazines and their editors, the program will also include John Kenneth Galbraith presiding, and talks by Senator Frank Church, journalist Nicholas von Hoffman, cartoonist Herblock and Eleanor Holmes Norton, who heads the New York City Commission on Human Rights. Murray H. Finley, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is the dinner chairman.

Funds raised from this dinner will be used to enlarge the circulation and increase the readership of our two publications.

Reservations are $100 per person. Checks should be made payable to Nation-Progressive Fund, care of *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. (If you cannot attend the dinner, a contribution to the Fund will be more than welcome.)

Please help us strengthen our voices!

Good Choice–for a Change

The dictates of politics do have occasional windfall benefits. President Ford felt compelled, for purely tactical political reasons, to nominate as Justice Douglas's successor a man he might not otherwise have selected. If he had felt free to indulge personal preferences he probably would have named a right-wing conservative. But the Democrats could have stalled confirmation almost indefinitely, so the President acknowledged the realities and listened, as *The Nation* has urged on numerous occasions, to the wisdom of Sen. Charles Percy, who has a fine record for excellent nominations for law-enforcement and judicial posts. Percy and Judge John Paul Stevens (Phi Beta Kappa, Class of '41) were classmates at the University of Chicago and have remained close friends.

At 55, Judge Stevens is about the right age for the Supreme Court; he has excellent qualifications, not the least of which is a reputation for being a thoroughly decent, thoughtful, kindly man—soft-spoken, rather shy, honest and considerate. His record is unblemished. On the Court, he will probably be a centrist, but he is not a right-wing ideologue. He graduated first in his class at Northwestern University Law School, served as a clerk to Justice Wiley Rutledge—in itself a recommendation—was associate counsel on the House Judiciary Subcommittee on monopoly power in 1950, and later specialized in antitrust litigation in a law firm which had Jewish members (in Chicago, that is a fact which warrants mention).

He is highly recommended by consultants in whom *The Nation* has confidence, including Albert E. Jenner, Jr. (a former law partner), U.S. Attorney James Thompson, Philip Kurland of the Law School, University of Chicago, Jon Waltz, of the faculty of Northwestern University Law School, and Elmer Gertz, prominent civil liberties attorney and long-time *Nation* contributor. Judge Stevens was probably Attorney General Levi's nominee and this fact,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plus Senator Percy's support, is doubtless what prompted the President to make a decent appointment—for a change.

Judge Stevens has served on the U.S. Appeals Court since 1970 and has earned the respect of his colleagues on the bench and of the bar; he was strongly recommended by the American Bar Association. According to one report, none of his decisions has been reversed by the Supreme Court. This is not correct. In a libel action filed by Elmer Gertz, Judge Stevens ruled that Gertz was "a public figure" within the meaning of the rule announced in the *Sullivan* case, but the Supreme Court did not agree. He will not fill Justice Douglas's shoes by any means, but the person to do that would not be easily found. Judge Stevens is a much better nominee than might have been expected. Apparently he will be confirmed without difficulty.

The Grand Forks Pyramid

Calling its multibillion-dollar anti-ballistic missile system "Safeguard" was one of the more brilliant public relations coups of the Nixon administration. When first proposed by President Johnson in 1967, the system was called "Sentinel," not a bad PR name but nothing to match the security overtones of Nixon's label. Johnson suggested Sentinel as a system to protect America's major cities from a Chinese missile threat that never existed. Sentinel was opposed by critics as unworkable, as a spur to escalation of offensive missile making in other countries, and as a dangerous indication that America might be considering a first-strike nuclear strategy.

Two years later Nixon changed its name and its stated purpose. Safeguard, at a cost of at least $20 billion for twelve sites, was to protect American missiles in case of foreign nuclear attack. Again, reasonable technical and political objections were raised. The Nixon administration switched its line: Safeguard became a bargaining chip in American nuclear negotiations with the Soviet Union. The Senate approved the ABM system by one vote in 1969.

The Russians halted deployment of their Moscow ABM ring before it was complete, and the 1972 SALT agreements limited both nations first to two ABM sites apiece and then, following a 1974 pact, to one. On October 1, six years and $5.7 billion after the Senate vote, the Safeguard installation in Grand Forks, N.D., became fully operational. Forty-eight days later, the Senate voted to go along with a House decision to shut it down.

Rep. George Mahon of Texas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, said during debate on Safeguard this year that it "has not been effective." It can be argued that it was never intended to be effective except, as Mahon observed, "perhaps from a cosmetic standpoint." But, he added, "If we had done nothing, it would have been the same."

Not quite. Aside from the waste of nearly $6 billion that could well have been spent elsewhere, and the expenditure of energy and resources of those who for years opposed it, the installation and closing of Safeguard played havoc with the lives and fortunes of the people of Langdon, N.D. The town boomed while the site was being built. At the time of the vote last month, 1,500 persons, about a third of Langdon's population, were employed in connection with the ABM. Many others had found work and business opportunities in the influx of capital surrounding the Safeguard's construction. Workers migrated from all over the country for jobs on the missile site. When Safeguard closes, as it is expected to do in July, Langdon will be hit by a depression made in Washington. Full compensatory federal aid is not anticipated.

"We didn't ask them to come," Langdon Mayor John MacFarlane told William K. Stevens of *The New York Times*. Now that the Safeguard money and jobs are going, the people are justifiably bitter. Their Representative in Congress, Mark Andrews, a Republican, had voted for the shutdown. And one town resident, who had borrowed $100,000 to open a restaurant in Langdon when the town started growing, told Stevens if he saw Andrews on the street, he would punch him in the mouth. The plight of Langdon should, but won't, indicate the advisability of matching cuts in defense-generated employment with additional civilian employment of comparable magnitude.

Langdon won't easily forget Safeguard, even if it eventually recovers from the shock of its withdrawal. For the installation's major structure, what Stevens calls "a majestic concrete pyramid with the point sliced off, visible for miles," will remain, an enduring monument to what at least one facet of the American way of life was like in the early 1970s. But it won't be the only relic of Langdon's Safeguard experience. The town's one permanent change, the Mayor told Stevens, was its loss of confidence in the government in Washington. "There ain't nothin' gonna happen that'll straighten that out," he said. "That's gone."

Daniel S. Gillmor

Most New York editors knew Dan Gillmor well, held him in high esteem and will be saddened by news of his death (on November 20). The son of Rear Adm. Horatio Gillmor, he began his newspaper career on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in the late 1930s and, in 1940, launched a new weekly, *Friday*, in New York. It was not an auspicious year in which to start a new national magazine and *Friday* did not long survive, but it was a brilliant journal and is fondly remembered by its readers.

After World War II, in which he served as an Army Air Corps bomber pilot, Gillmor became a free-lance writer and later, from 1949 to 1953, served on the staff of *The Daily Compass*. His book, *Fear the Accuser*, published in 1954, was a sharp and courageous critique of the inquisitorial committees, and ranks as one of the better studies of the subject. In his later years Gillmor specialized in medical journalism; at his untimely death at age 58, he was assistant director of public relations for the National Foundation-March of Dimes. On November 8, as I was leaving for a junket to the West Coast, he phoned, as he often did, and at the conclusion of our chat quite casually said "good-by, my friend," and then went on to say that he was dying of inoperable cancer. A brave man, a fine journalist, a loyal friend and a long-time *Nation* reader who did not hesitate to offer valuable criticism and useful suggestions to its editor.

Carey McWilliams

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREMEDITATED AMNESIA

American Attitudes Toward History

ALEXANDER WOODSIDE

In the summer of 1969 Clark Clifford, Lyndon Johnson's last Secretary of Defense, published an article in which he tried to summarize the agonies of his own reconsideration of the war in Vietnam (*Foreign Affairs*, July 1969). By the standards which normally prevail among American decision makers and "action intellectuals," he made an extraordinary—if inconclusive—attempt to speak with an historian's tongue: "Only history will be able to tell whether or not our military presence in Southeast Asia was warranted. Certainly the decisions that brought it about were based upon a reasonable reading of the past three decades."

"A reasonable reading of the past three decades." In countries other than the United States, a perspective of only three decades has a primitive, invincibly superficial quality to it. It is probable that for most Asians, few phrases could illuminate more starkly than this one a haunting but rarely diagnosed form of American isolationism with regard to other peoples. What is this isolationism? Divergent senses of the importance of historical time are its keynote; it is an isolationism that manifests itself in a chronic refusal to take ancient history as seriously as it is taken in China, or Vietnam, or Indonesia, or Burma or (no doubt) the Middle East, to say nothing of Russia, or France or Ireland. During the late war in Indochina, the penalties which this sort of isolationism exacted were very great and very tangible. For while Clark Clifford and his associates were struggling to make "reasonable" readings of the past three decades, their Vietnamese adversaries were drawing their inspiration, and even their most precise and most close-textured battle calculations, from readings of the past three, or five, or seven centuries.

Consider the one event which, more than any other, led to Clark Clifford's political confessions in *Foreign Affairs*. The Vietnamese Communists' pyschologically stunning Tet offensive of early 1968 was simply a modernized copy of a famous (to Vietnamese nationalists) surprise offensive by a Vietnamese peasant army against Chinese invaders of Vietnam during the lunar New Year of 1789. (The Chinese, who had been complacently celebrating the New Year, were defeated and had to sue for peace.) The 1968 attack was a practical application, by Vo Nguyen Giap and others, of a visionary historicism which would hold in utter contempt any modern political and military planning that looked back no further than three decades. Indeed, high-ranking Vietnamese Communist generals like Van Tien Dung have long been renowned in Vietnam for their published scholarship on 18th-century Southeast Asian military problems, and for displaying an intimate familiarity with some of the most obscure classical Chinese texts that treat this subject. To conjure up American parallels, one would have to imagine General Eisenhower or General Westmoreland doing detailed personal research into American colonial archives of the 1700s and then modernizing the military and political insights he derived from such research.

At a time when the air is filled with anguished cries for new foreign policy nostrums and for new assessments, open or occult, of the American position in the world, it must surely be worthwhile to keep the existence of this peculiar type of American cultural isolationism in mind—and to reflect on ways to remedy it. Or at least of making prudential allowances for it as a treacherous blind spot, even if it plainly isn't the central threat to peace or to the future of the world. It is incontestable that the outlook of China on such momentous world problems as the distribution of raw materials, population control and pollution, to say nothing of issues like the world role of Southeast Asia, is far more heavily conditioned by a disciplined, self-sustaining fascination with history than is that of the United States. Of course there are some special reasons for this on the Chinese side. Recent revolutionaries often have a tendency to adopt institutions or values from the past which they admire, and to preserve such things in a much purer, more resplendent form than they would enjoy if they were not protected as an unimpeachable heritage but were allowed to evolve or degenerate at random. The Russian Revolution's proprietorial attitude to classical ballet is an oft-cited, relatively trivial example that hundreds of foreign statesmen have experienced at first hand, during their voluntary or involuntary ceremonial visits to the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. But rediscovered, carefully chosen patterns of historical thought—such as the thought of centuries-old "Legalist" philosophers who are highly praised nowadays in Mao Tse-tung's China—might also qualify, and are far more important in determining the future of East-West relations. Ironically, revolutionaries have an enormous appetite for history; and we live in a world teeming with revolutionaries.

Why do the rulers of such formidable societies as China, Indonesia, Burma or Vietnam cultivate an intense communion with history? Americans might find their motives well worth pondering. In some Asian societies the writing of history has always been regarded as a touchstone or as an omen of interstate relations, so that in the early 18th century, for example, the King of Korea demanded that the Chinese Government publish a preview of the chapters about Korea which were to appear in a forthcoming Chinese dynastic history, in order that he might satisfy himself that the chapters did not cast even oblique aspersions upon his royal ancestors. Every Chinese dynastic history was a potential Pentagon Papers, both to Chinese politicians and to those in neighboring countries.

But in the 20th century, the historical mode of political thought has gained a great new vitality in Asia from the fact that a sense of history has become an anti-colonial

Alexander Woodside, professor of history at the University of British Columbia, was recently the Kenneth T. Young Professor of Sino-Vietnamese History at Harvard. He is the author of Vietnam and the Chinese Model (*Harvard University Press*) *and* Community and Revolution in Modern Vietnam, *published this month by Houghton Mifflin.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weapon, perhaps the most potent of all anti-colonial weapons, at least in the intellectual sphere. Burmese resistance to the British Empire was fired by such things as a simplified, modernized version of the *Glass Palace Chronicles*, the historical records of the old Burmese Kings, which one enterprising Burmese nationalist produced in 1922. Once these *Chronicles* had been discreetly pruned of their more extravagant claims, such as their suggestion that the Kings of Burma were descended from the family of the Buddha, they effectively prevented the British colonialists from ever implanting the notion that theirs was an older, more distinguished, more meritorious civilization. The arrival of the Japanese Army, in 1941, did much of the rest. When Ho Chi Minh, during the early days of World War II, maintained his precarious existence as a lacquer collector and a Marxist prophet in the lonely borderlands of northern Vietnam, he dedicated himself, not to making a Vietnamese translation of *The Communist Manifesto* but to composing a long poem for peasants entitled *The History of Our Country from 2879 B.C. to 1942*. Notice that he plainly felt that any poem which covered Vietnamese history more modestly—that is, from only 1300, or 1500 B.C., or during a Cliffordian "three decades" before World War II—would be quite inadequate as a means of inciting to rebellion even those Vietnamese peasants who were trapped in a purgatorial landscape of famine and of Japanese bombing. The starting point had to be 2879 B.C. And that was not idle, soporific relic worshipping. It was the cooly premeditated opening shot of a form of political and military warfare that would astonish the West.

To argue merely that the American people and their policy makers neglect the importance of this historical mode of political thought, both for themselves and for others, when they make their calculations about international behavior, would be to say little more than Alexis de Tocqueville said more than a century ago—that the United States was detached by geography and by choice from the passions of older worlds, that it was not compelled to consider the past and to mold the past to the needs of the present the way European nations were compelled, that it was not constrained by an inescapable heritage of national friendships and hatreds handed down to it by its ancestors. What Tocqueville could not have said in the 1840s, but what needs to be added now, is that this once-unclouded American freedom (relatively speaking) from the burdens of an historical consciousness not only makes communication between Americans and Europeans more difficult; it makes communication between Americans and Asian revolutionaries an extraordinarily frustrating enterprise.

Of course, Americans are not entirely alone here; if revolutions have led to an unprecedented renascence and expansion of political thinking in historical terms in many of the countries of East and Southeast Asia, only some of the forms of this process would be comprehensible even to Europeans. When, for example, a Javanese nationalist allied to the Indonesian Communist Party spoke publicly, in the late 1950s, about the dangers of making Indonesia a formal Islamic state, and found it necessary to dramatize his argument by listing the bloody acts of intolerance committed by a small Javanese Islamic kingdom briefly established back in 1578 A.D., he was calling up demons historically no more impressive than those which Irish politicians habitually cultivate. Yet what are Americans—and Europeans also—to make of a political system like that of contemporary China? Under its impetus, history has enjoyed an extraordinary renewal as a sensitive political instrument. For evidence, look at a relatively humble institution like the languages faculty of China's Northwest Ethnographic Academy at Lanchow. In 1974 it opened Tibetan language schools to teach Tibetan-speaking herdsmen the history of the ancient struggle in China between Confucian philosophers and their enemies, and to give detailed public lectures in everyday Tibetan to masses of these poor herdsmen on whether or not they should admire the old Chinese theory of the "Mandate of Heaven" or the "well-field system" (a utopian Chinese landholding system, celebrated as an ideal in China in the fourth century B.C.). All this was and is being done as a way to make this Tibetan minority appreciate the evils of current Russian expansionism, and of the recent, related treachery of Mao's once intimate subordinate Lin Piao. What confounds Westerners about this program is that, while the Russian threat and the upheavals in the Peking Politburo do obviously have meaning for the people of Tibet, and for the Tibetans in southern Kansu, the apparently arcane panoply of historical themes in which they come wrapped is disconcertingly alien. After all, Tibet did not become a part of the Chinese Empire until the 18th century, centuries after the death of Confucius and the disappearance of the "well-field system." An American suddenly and magically transported to power in Peking would be tempted to ask: why not just a few "fact-filled" radio broadcasts to the Tibetans, outlining the nature of the Russian military build-up and, at most, the background of the Sino-Soviet split since 1960? Few Chinese would ask such questions.

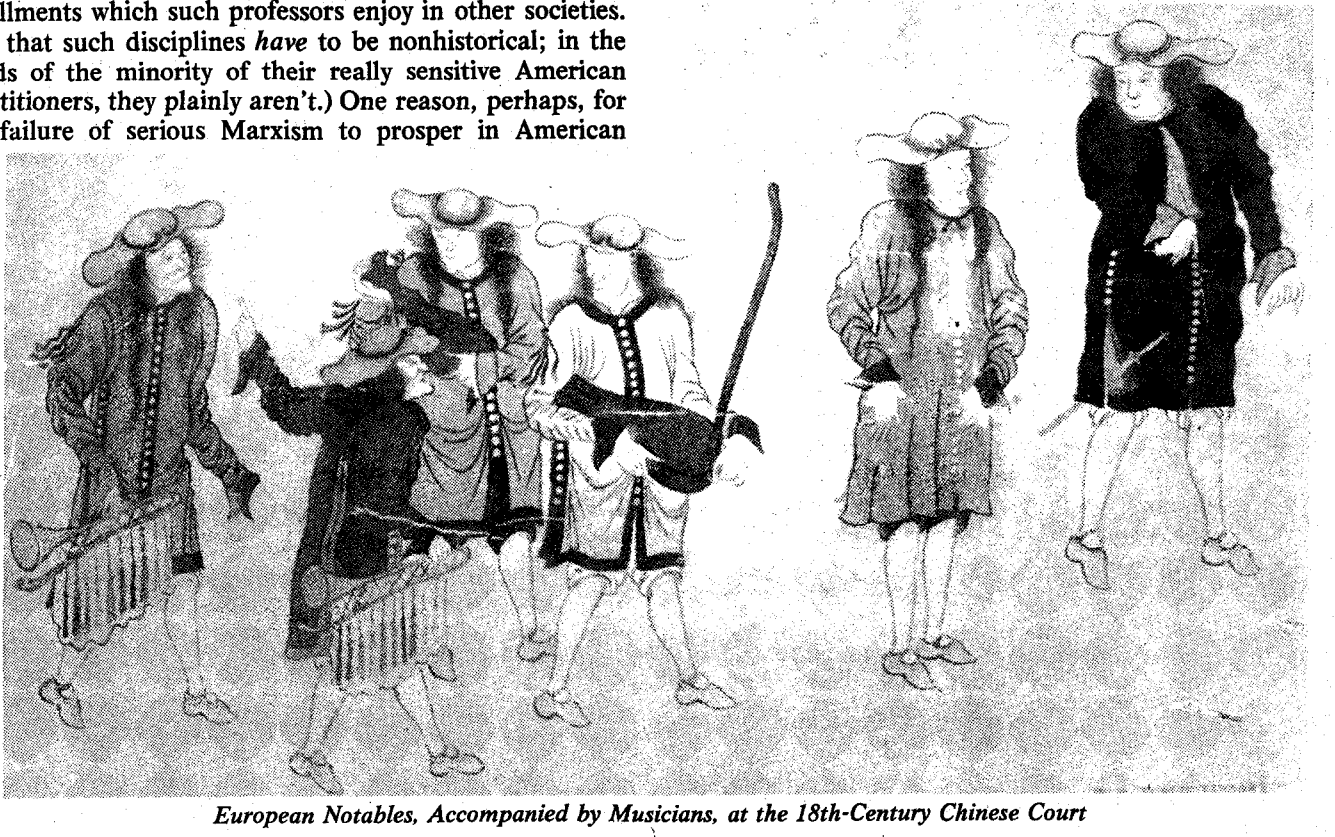
One way of guarding against blind spots is to understand their causes. Some are exclusively American causes and tendencies, of the kind once analyzed by Tocqueville; some are causes and tendencies shared by most of the Western world. To take the latter first, Western colonialists in Asia, for obvious reasons, did not for the most part want to become too deeply immersed in historical understandings of Asian nationalism, or too seriously familiar with the functions of richly memoried pasts in the minds of the Asian politicians whom they dominated. When they were forced to confront the existence of a genuine sense of history among the peoples whom they had colonized, particularly a sense of history that fed nationalistic self-assertion and questioned the Western presence, they were inclined to regard its expressions as little more than florid, childish whimsies, brought on by the hot weather. A British journalist serving in Burma at the end of the Victorian era provides the unmistakable prototype: he correctly observed that the *Glass Palace Chronicles* had had "a permanent influence on the national character" of the Burmese people, and sarcastically added that "Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Chronicle of British Kings* has only left its mark on the national literature of England, but had the English lived forty degrees nearer the line, they might still be believing in Brut, great-grandson of Aeneas, and the unbroken line of Kings of whom King Arthur was chief."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our ancestors' 19th-century belief in the effects of different kinds of climate upon mental evolution had no doubt withered by the time of the American intervention in Indochina; but the corruptions and the terrible simplifications which attend the exercise of great military power in a technologically backward foreign civilization have remained the same between the 1890s and the present. Few American journalists or soldiers or diplomats in Saigon ever took the trouble to explore the intricate thought of the "intellectuals" of Vietnam—that is, the thought of those seemingly old-fashioned, militarily and politically impotent custodians of Vietnamese history and culture who nevertheless knew more of the secrets of the revolutionary intellectuals in power in Hanoi than did any other group in the South, for the simple reason that these secrets are historical and cultural, and only superficially military. Few American journalists or diplomats explore such thought today, if the fatuous assumption currently prevalent in Washington, that a Communist Vietnam is about to become a dependable ally of the Soviet Union, is any indication. Part of the blind spot can certainly be attributed to a conscious or unconscious outlook of colonial condescension.

There is a much more interesting, more characteristically American source of this problem, or of the cultural differences that create the problem. American thinkers are vastly more fond of employing the insights of nonhistorical social and behavioral sciences to explain human development, and the revolutionary situations it spawns, than are thinkers in almost any other part of the world. Compare the prestige, and the sizes of the student enrollments, which the American educational system confers upon professors of "social relations," of psychology and sociology (for example), with the prestige and the student enrollments which such professors enjoy in other societies. (Not that such disciplines *have* to be nonhistorical; in the hands of the minority of their really sensitive American practitioners, they plainly aren't.) One reason, perhaps, for the failure of serious Marxism to prosper in American academic settings as luxuriantly as it has blossomed in the free academic environments of Europe and Japan is that—by American standards—Marxism is much too inclined to explain human crises and difficulties in terms of historical stages and patterns, rather than in terms of timeless psychological theories and universals, or "pragmatic" sociological testing. Cold-war conformism, if it existed, may not have been the most crucial obstacle after all. But now the fact must be faced that almost a billion East Asians have become at least nominally Marxist, voluntarily or involuntarily. And Marxism's typically 19th-century reverence for oracular history, rather than for oracular anthropology or oracular social psychology, coincides without too much discomfort with ancient cultural reflexes in China and Vietnam and Korea.

Look at the definitive intellectual battles both of the Chinese Civil War of the 1940s, and of the Vietnamese Civil War of the 1960s and 1970s. We know far too little about them, but they were often battles between American-educated, American-influenced reformers, who had turned away from history, and who all ultimately found themselves on the defeated side, and their victorious Communist opponents, who virtually turned historical arguments into ostentatious liturgical ventures, and into vital weapons of political clarification and stimulation as well. American philosophers like John Dewey became illustrious casualties of the Chinese Civil War. Dewey had visited China in 1919-21 and had acquired a number of Chinese disciples, mainly upper-class teachers, school administrators and educational journalists in the big cities of southeastern China. One of Dewey's greatest Chinese disciples, Ch'en Ho-ch'in, a Columbia University graduate, even created what may well have been the most controversial kindergarten in modern Asian history, the "Drum Tower Kindergarten," in Nanking in 1923, in



European Notables, Accompanied by Musicians, at the 18th-Century Chinese Court

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order to put Dewey's ideas into practice in China. The ideas, of course, soon got out of control, in predictable ways. Faithfulness to Dewey in one sense meant faithlessness in another, so that the toys the Chinese children played with at the Drum Tower Kindergarten, and even the food they ate were Western, making Dewey's theories the invidious badges of social-class membership and of elitist cultural change. But when the new Communist government pressed Ch'en Ho-ch'in to publish a humiliating self-criticism, as he did in 1951, what did his self-criticism emphasize? It charged that American Deweyite education encouraged a chaotic rejection of the "ancestral" educational experiences of the human race. And that Dewey's exhortations to "leave the past behind" and to regard historical culture merely as an "asylum" had seduced Ch'en into thinking that the roots of China's backwardness were sociological and psychological and entirely contemporary—the absence among its people of sufficient school-fostered energies and collective forms of "creativeness"—rather than historical, the stagnation and demoralization caused in China by decades of very complex exploitation by Western imperialism.

More recent, Vietnamese incarnations of Ch'en Ho-ch'in could easily be named. They were the bright young Vietnamese graduates of American universities who went back to Saigon between 1954 and 1975 imbued with the notion that Vietnam's traumas were the product of millions of inappropriate Vietnamese personality structures, not of their nation's checkered political and economic history. The Vietnamese Communists, like their Chinese counterparts, espoused the opposite point of view, which was both the more revolutionary and the more traditional mode of explanation. Their triumph insures that this mode of explaining problems will remain deeply entrenched, however exotic it seems to Americans. Asia's two momentous civil wars of the past three decades have shown that the most effective revolutionaries have been at the same time the most knowledgeable and sophisticated masters of historical knowledge.

There isn't much point in resurrecting the time-hardened banalities that the United States is a nation of immigrants, many of whom were trying to escape from their past history on other continents; or that the American frontier's existence encouraged, for a long time, a belief in a form of progress that was detached from old historical patterns; or that the American love of technology reinforced a contempt for history, which could not seem inspiring or profitably manageable to technologists or to businessmen (Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford being the ones most commonly mentioned). But other aspects of the question are less banal. Because the United States has always been a democracy, all Americans have been able to take their right to historical knowledge for granted—their right to think about it, to immerse themselves in it, or to scoff at it, as they pleased. To appreciate the expansion of public political thinking in historical terms which has occurred in revolutionary Asia, one must realize that the formal right to interpret history publicly is being widely spread there among the peoples—as opposed to remaining confined to tiny elites—for the very first time. It thus becomes a newly prized heirloom of democracy or, perhaps, an act which may be designed to serve as the moral guarantee, and even as the internal preservative, of the Populism of the new Communist Asian societies, which are not democracies by Western liberal standards.

On the one hand, therefore, we have brilliant, humane, American educational theorists like Jerome Bruner, who tells us in his recent *Toward A Theory Of Instruction* that the educational systems of the future will not be able to dwell "with such loving care" over the details of the Long Parliament, or the Louisiana Purchase, as present ones do; that we must move away from history toward the social or behavioral sciences and study the "possible" rather than "the achieved." That such a recipe may lead instead to an evasion or to a fatal nonrecognition of the "possible" in American dealings with Asia is suggested by what we find on the other hand: rising forces like the Chinese workers of the Shanghai heavy-machinery industry, groups of whom were asked in 1975 to collaborate with the history faculty of Futan University in compiling a draft history of China in the Spring and Autumn and Warring States periods (722-221 B.C.) These eager (or bemused) machinery workers did help to compile a book of 180,000 words on this seemingly antiquarian subject. Then they were invited to go up to the university itself to give lectures on it. Chinese Communists, ranging from professors to workers, may be the creators of a brave new world that will seem Orwellian to some Americans and the stuff of paradise to others, but the point is that they cannot, as Bruner can, conceive of "the possible" and "the achieved" as being opposites, or of making a choice between the "generality" of the behavioral sciences and the "particularities" of human history, as Bruner also does, at least for pedagogical purposes. They cannot imagine preparing themselves for the future without giving "loving care" to the social struggles of twenty-five centuries ago, incredible as that may seem to us. They would be baffled by anticipations of future changes which regarded the most probable of them as deriving entirely from a series of Promethean explosions or revelations in the realm of new social and scientific technologies. But quite apart from all this, the right publicly to interpret and apply history has suddenly become, for many Asians, an innovative form of self-assertion and, as in China, a radical solvent of presumed social class barriers. It is, in sum, anything but drowsy, "impractical" antiquarianism of the kind that a Dewey or a Bruner would fear and American diplomats would ignore.

A disdain for the complex and apparently self-serving nationalistic histories of other nations; a unique exaltation of the nonhistorical social and behavioral sciences in schools and universities; a fondness for frontier-like patterns of growth which do not have to accommodate too many memories. These qualities and tendencies have long been potent in American life, and it would be foolish to deny that they have often helped to give it an incomparable dynamism that Asians, and everybody else, have envied. At the same time, they have helped to make endless quagmires for American relations with the countries of Asia, to say nothing of at least psychological defeats like that of the Vietnamese Tet offensive. Are such qualities, in part, the products of an Olympian self-confidence, peculiar to the United States, which is now decaying but leaving its mental habits behind? One reason that so many Asian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nations still cling compulsively to the "achieved," real or imagined, in their pasts, is that it is the only way they can keep themselves united and gain enough confidence to think about the "possible."

For them, no sense of history means no sense of community. (Chinese oil drillers must even study the histories of their oil-drilling teams, so that young workers will share the experiences of the older workers, etc.) This is a pessimistic equation that has been less of a concern in a society as optimistic—and as invincibly individualistic—as the American. But the future of Asia will depend very heavily upon those various applications of this enduring, relatively un-American approach to politics which various Asian states revive or invent. And the future of Asian-American relations will depend upon a better American understanding of this historical approach to politics, every bit as much as it will depend upon new technologies and new fertilizers and economic negotiations and the historically uprooted if theoretically brilliant "planning for peace" of the more traditional American kind. □

IMAGE TRAPS

THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF SPAIN

PAUL PRESTON

London

It is reported that when Alvaro Cunhal came out of prison in the late 1950s, he initiated a purge of the Portuguese Communist Party (PCP) leadership. Their crime was apparently *espanolismo*—or a sympathy with the broad reformist policy of "national reconciliation" adopted by the Spanish Communists in 1956. The Spanish leaders were aware of this implied slur on their revolutionary seriousness, but as both parties battled for survival against repressive dictatorships, it was not an issue over which to break openly the fundamental solidarity between them. Now, with Cunhal seemingly leading his party down the high road to socialism and his Spanish comrades probably within sight of their immediate goal of the collapse of Francoism, the theoretical discrepancies have re-emerged. Santiago Carrillo, Secretary-General of the Spanish party, the PCE, has been sufficiently critical of Cunhal's attempt to create an Eastern European-style socialism in Portugal to earn Soviet accusations of lack of solidarity. He has described Cunhal's policy during the last year as "a good example of how not to make a revolution." In doing so, the Spanish leader has not only incurred the displeasure of Moscow, something which he has learned to live with since his stand against the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, but also risked serious division inside his own party.

Carrillo has recently expressed confidence in his ability to handle internal dissidence over Portugal: "There may be Cunhalist tendencies within the PCE but I can say that so far I'm in control of the situation." His attitude may be somewhat sanguine particularly since the PCE has only begun to recover from a series of major defections which took place throughout the 1960s. The Portuguese revolution generated a mood of optimism in the Spanish Communist movement and encouraged a tendency toward unity based on the hope that the Franco regime could not long ward off its fall. There is considerable enthusiasm within the PCE for Cunhal, not only from many of the older Stalinists but also from younger leftists who believe that PCP policy is inevitable if the sort of dilemma faced by Salvador Allende in Chile is to be avoided in Portugal. Accordingly, Carrillo's present criticism of the PCP has provoked dismay among many of his followers.

In fact, Carrillo's attitude at the moment contrasts strangely with the euphoric way in which he first greeted the events of April 25. However, it is precisely the terms in which he welcomed the revolution that provide the clue to the PCE's apparent about-face. In a clandestine radio broadcast to Spain on April 26, 1974, Carrillo described the fall of the Portuguese dictatorship as the result of pressure "from something similar to the Pact for Liberty which we advocate to liquidate the Fascist dictatorship in Spain." In other words, the Portuguese revolution was seen largely as a useful trial run for the PCE's own scenario for Spain's future, a scenario which has grown out of the national reconciliation policy.

That policy aims at the creation of a broad coalition of the working class and liberal bourgeois forces, including, if possible, sectors of the Church, the army and the industrial-financial oligarchy. The immediate objective of the coalition is to overthrow the regime left by Franco and to establish fundamental political liberties as the first steps toward a pluralist, democratic socialism. As long as Cunhal appeared to be doing no more than that, he was warmly applauded. Once he began to advance beyond this limited preliminary stage, showing his readiness to establish a more sectarian form of socialism, Carrillo's enthusiasm began to wane. The reason is clear. The Spanish Communist attempt to build the Pact for Liberty, like the Italian commitment to the "historical compromise," depends on its being able to create a moderate image. Spain has been subjected to the most rabid anti-Communist propaganda for almost forty years and even in liberal circles the lack of democracy in Eastern Europe is well publicized. As early as 1967, Carrillo was anxiously trying to dissociate PCE policy from the specific conditions of Eastern European communism. He is understandably reluctant to see his efforts jeopardized by being tarred with Cunhal's revolutionary brush after having claimed that "no one and least of all the PCE thinks today of making the Communist revolution in Spain."

Paul Preston, a lecturer in history at the University of Reading (England), is at present a visiting lecturer at Queen Mary's College, University of London. Mr. Preston is the author of The Spanish Right Under the Second Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carrillo evidently sees his first task to be convincing his potential allies in Spain that he is not a dangerous revolutionary. Accordingly, he has lately made a number of statements which, while clearly putting the PCE at arm's length from Cunhal, can only have worried many PCE militants. He has declared his readiness to operate within the framework of a monarchy—"We are not adventurers who will systematically wave the flag of social unrest." He has even accepted the possibility that Francoist politicians might participate in a future hypothetical government of national unity. Coming in the wake of his controversial and aggressively moderate book, *Demain L'Espagne*, published in 1974, these statements have caused great unease within the party.

This internal tension is probably the most serious experienced by the PCE since its traumatic clash with Moscow over the Czech invasion. Although the present situation is much less dramatic than what the party faced in 1968, the two have certain features in common. It seemed remarkable at that time that the PCE should make a stand against Moscow, since it had always been regarded as one of the most loyally subordinate of the national parties. Just a year earlier, the Spanish party had undertaken a violent campaign against Mao Tse-tung during the Sino-Soviet dispute. Since it was functioning clandestinely in Spain and with its senior leadership in exile, the PCE hardly seemed in a position to condemn the Soviet action in Czechoslovakia. Yet Carrillo risked open conflict with the CPSU and, as he must have expected, was accused of anti-Sovietism, nationalism and revisionism. His motives then differed little from those behind his present criticisms of Cunhal. It is a matter of guarding the credibility of the anxiously nurtured policy of the Pact for Liberty. Carrillo cannot claim to his bourgeois allies that he is a democratic socialist and at the same time condone anti-democratic activities by other Communists elsewhere.

This awareness of the image his party needs has drawn Carrillo closer to Enrico Berlinguer, Secretary-General of the Italian Communist Party (PCI). On June 11, Carrillo and Berlinguer each made a speech at a mass meeting at Livorno and the two parties then issued a joint declaration. So moderate and liberal was that statement that it may be taken as a clear attempt by the Italian and Spanish parties to differentiate themselves from the Portuguese and even the French parties. After the cold-war success of the Democrazia Cristiana in persuading the electorate that the PCI intended to overthrow the system, the Italian Communists have been acutely aware of the problem of credibility. Nevertheless, the Italians have a major advantage over the Spaniards. Since they are a legal opposition party, they can freely publicize their ideas and create concrete examples of Communist government such as that in Bologna. The question of credibility is rendered the more serious for the PCE because it must operate clandestinely.

Constant police persecution and the lack of an open propaganda network are immense handicaps for any party, especially one trying to prove to a skeptical audience that it is essentially democratic. In this respect, the PCE has the added burden of its own civil war record. The Stalinist dismantling of the Spanish Revolution of 1936 was at the root of the wide anti-communism of the Left until the 1960s. The harsh Stalinist image of a party whose leadership maintained close relations with Moscow was not easily shed. In the mid-1950s, the party realistically accepted that there could be no return to the past and that the Franco regime could not be effectively opposed except with a wide front of forces. The policy of "national reconciliation" was launched and the PCE tried to create a moderate, nonrevolutionary image. At first, the attempt fell on stony ground. Its own past, and years of propaganda from the regime had associated the party with terror and dictatorial ambitions. It was not until the early 1970s that the new line began to acquire wider plausibility. Meanwhile, the PCE was to go through agonies of internal division in order to maintain the credibility of its new policy.

To begin with, Carrillo began to predict optimistically the impending destruction of the regime in a great economic disaster. With remarkable self-deception, the party called in 1958 and 1959 for huge show demonstrations by the workers, the failure of which created intense disillusion. With the coming of economic growth in the 1960s, party predictions of economic doom were an obstacle to the elaboration of a flexible line in tune with the new situation, though in fact growing prosperity emphasized the need for a broad alliance with other groups and suggested that moderate policies be adopted to attract them. In other words, the party tactic of moderation and alliances was correct, but for the wrong reasons.

As a result of the debates provoked by the party's misinterpretation of Spain's economic development and its political consequences, the PCE suffered a series of grave internal crises. These led in 1964 to the expulsion of the party's most sophisticated theorist, Fernando Claudin, to the schism of the young Maoists in 1967 and the departure of the hard-line Stalinists under General Lister in 1969-70. The reasons for the three splits were different, but they shared a protest against the lack of inner-party democracy and against the uncritical reformism of Santiago Carrillo. In each case, the response of the central committee was to refuse internal debate, expel the offenders and then claim that the numbers involved were negligible. Nevertheless, the party went through a crisis in the 1960s from which it is only now recovering. The PCE that emerged from that crisis was one formed in the image of Carrillo. If the party, which now awaits the new regime of Juan Carlos is more social-democratic than the Socialists, the reason must be sought in the debates of the 1960s.

The expulsion of Claudin was the most revealing, since Carrillo was later to declare that his line was correct and his only error was "to have been right too soon." Claudin had shown in a brilliant report that the middle class might ally with the Communists, but not out of despair that Francoism had brought economic ruin. If at all, it would be because a stage of economic development was being reached at which the fascistic political forms of Francoism, having repressed the working class during a period of capital accumulation, were becoming more of a hindrance to growth than democracy would be. Therefore, concluded Claudin, Carrillo's search for compromise with the bourgeoisie did make sense, but not his excessive optimism. Given Spain's integration into international capitalism, the peaceful road to socialism via alliance with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bourgeoisie was the only option open, but the party must try to avoid playing the game of the oligarchy. Since Carrillo did not admit criticism, Claudin was accused of defeatism and revisionism and expelled without the chance to reply. Throughout the 1960s, Carrillo persisted in the line criticized by Claudin although he made increasing theoretical concessions to his erstwhile comrade. At times, his overtures to the bourgeoisie were so exaggerated as to damage his credibility among many party militants. Fierce criticism was provoked from both young leftists and the older Stalinists.

There was a widespread belief among younger militants that the representatives of the oligarchy, the Church and the army would deal with the Communists only if the latter could guarantee to control the revolutionary impulses of the working class. Many militants were worried that Carrillo was either indulging in self-deception or else was ambitious enough to accept such a role simply to gain power. The first indication of the consequent internal crisis was the splitting off of the pro-Chinese youth. They denounced Carrillo's revisionism and demanded an insurrectionary line of armed violence against the regime. That was the prelude to a bewildering proliferation of Maoist and Trotskyist factions.

The existence of such groups committed to violent revolution caused serious difficulties for Carrillo's attempts to create a moderate face for the party. Sporadic acts of violence merely validated for many in the middle class the regime's denunciation of communism as violent and anarchic. Public opinion did not follow the doctrinal twists and turns of these groups and saw them simply as Communists. Violent actions against the regime also led to indiscriminate reprisals. The most notorious of the activists grew out of the Maoist PCE-Marxista-Leninista. Known as FRAP, the Frente Revolucionario Anti-fascista y Patriota, it aimed to create a wide front of groups dedicated to the violent overthrow of Francoism. The front hardly extended beyond the PCE-ML and its student group FUDE. Until the recent wave of killings, the most significant FRAP action was the assassination of a secret policeman on May Day, 1973. Even the FRAP's own bulletin admitted that the killing provoked a tremendous wave of arrests and the torture of leftists not connected with the incident. It also led to the establishment of Admiral Carrero Blanco's dour cabinet.

Even more serious for the PCE than the schism of the Maoists, or at least so it seemed at the time, was the departure of the Stalinists under Enrique Lister. The immediate occasion of the division was the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Since the PCE was publicly committed to democratic socialism, it had to protest in order to maintain its credibility. On August 21, La Pasionaria expressed the PCE's disapproval to the Kremlin. In September, a plenum of the PCE central committee voted 66 to 5 to condemn the invasion. However, two leaders, Augustin Gomez and Eduardo Garcia, continued to campaign against the party line and were expelled. It appears that the Russians had been encouraging them, in order to pressure the PCE into reversing its decision. The battle was then taken up by Lister, who made a bitter personal attack on Carrillo for supposed Stalinist crimes of which it is difficult to believe that Carrillo was any more guilty than Lister himself. Carrillo was also accused of anti-Sovietism, nationalism and anti-Marxism. The Russians made their position clear by a growing rapprochement with the Franco government, allowing the export of Polish coal to Spain during the Asturian miners' strike of December 1970. Prevented from presenting their views to the party, Lister and a considerable number of followers walked out and formed a rival PCE. The seriousness of the schism was diminished only when the PCE-Lister also became subject to internal divisions. Lister formed another party, known as the Partido Comunista Obrero Espanol (PCOE). Carrillo had kept the central apparatus of the party and therefore had won the day. The Russians came gradually to understand the situation and made terms with the PCE.

Nevertheless, the Lister split was a serious blow, in terms both of party morale and of prestige with the non-Communist opposition. It was thus in a mood somewhat less than buoyant that the PCE entered the 1970s. The regime was enjoying continued economic expansion and had its arrangements for the future well prepared. FRAP violence had been instrumental in provoking the formation of the Carrero Blanco government in June 1973. Constituted to carry out a holding operation to cover the transition from Franco to Juan Carlos, it was a cabinet which not only augured a return to 1940s-style Francoism but which showed every sign of longevity. Of the three major divisions which had sundered the PCE in the 1960s, two had been provoked by Carrillo's need to maintain the credibility of his moderate policies. It now began to look as if the sacrifice had been in vain. A wide coalition with bourgeois forces seemed as far off as ever and the regime looked as strong as it had ever been.

Then, in the winter of 1973, the pessimistic prospects were dramatically reversed. Just as the energy crisis began to take its relentless toll of Spain's prosperity, the assassination of Carrero Blanco by a commando of the Basque revolutionary group, ETA, reopened a series of options which seemed to have been closed six months before. The changing economic situation, together with the destruction of Franco's well-laid plans for the future, convinced many on the Right that their survival depended on giving some relaxation before it was taken by force. The relevance of PCE's Pact for Liberty program was suddenly highlighted, not least by events abroad. The fall of Caetano in Portugal, the defeat of Fanfani in the Italian divorce referendum, the good showing by Mitterrand in the French Presidential elections and the collapse of the Greek colonels convinced the PCE that its time was near. The events also convinced many influential members of the economic oligarchy that an understanding with the Communists could play a crucial part in their own strategy for survival.

Under Carlos Arias Navarro, Carrero's successor, the government was making hardly convincing promises of liberalization. The effect of loosened press restrictions was more than offset by fierce measures against the Left. Behind the *apertura*, there have been widespread arrests and torture as well as the more highly publicized death sentences. In any case, a spontaneous movement all over Spain favored the so-called "democratic break." Throughout 1973, democratic juntas and round tables sprung up, rather on the model of the Asamblea de Cataluna which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

had emerged in 1971 as virtually the first practical expression of the Pact for Liberty. This process now accelerated and the Communists were among the first to attempt to systematize it. In April 1974, the PCE central committee decided that the Portuguese situation so closely resembled its own predictions for the end of Francoism that the time was ripe for an initiative.

Already in September 1973, the executive committee of the PCE had sought authorization from the central committee to approach representatives of neo-capitalist groups eager for dialogue with the party. Contacts made in 1973 were intensified after the death of Carrero. According to Santiago Carrillo, these groups were convinced that the official vertical syndicates could not prevent strikes. Moreover, they were unhappy with a political situation which forced workers to attack the regime by the only method open to them—more strikes. That such groups were concerned for the future and willing to cooperate in bringing democracy to Spain was clearly indicated by meetings held by notable figures of the Madrid and Barcelona bourgeoisie during 1974, such as that held in the home of Joaquin Garrigues in Aravaca. A legal adviser to many important corporations, Garrigues was an accurate barometer of "liberal capitalist" opinion. That figures like him were interested in political change gave substance to Carrillo's claims. Nevertheless, the PCE Secretary-General is not so sure of his ground that he can afford not to reiterate the party's dependability as an ally of the bourgeoisie. It is thus with one eye on the oligarchy that he states in *Demain L'Espagne*, to the intense chagrin of many further to the Left than himself, that "it is necessary to have the courage to explain to the workers that it is better to pay a surplus value to the bourgeoisie than to risk creating a situation which could turn against them." In the light of the circumstances surrounding the fall of Allende, Carrillo, like Berlinguer, has become more convinced than ever of the need for broad alliances. Unfortunately, it is a policy which could leave him stranded between an incredulous bourgeoisie and an embittered rank and file.

That has, to a certain extent, been the fate of the Junta Democratica, the organism created by the PCE to coordinate the various regional juntas and round tables. During the summer of 1974, groups involved in the creation of the regional democratic *mesas* were negotiating a national framework when Franco fell seriously ill. Perhaps to galvanize those who were dragging their feet or to prevent anyone else from dominating the proceedings, Carrillo, along with the ex-Opus Dei theorist Rafael Calvo Serer, announced on July 30, 1974 the foundation of the Junta Democratica; the announcement was made simultaneously in Paris and Madrid. The junta's manifesto called for a provisional government, amnesty for *all* political offenses, trade union liberties, the right to strike, free press, an independent judiciary, the separation of Church and state, elections and entry into the EEC. The declaration implied that a wide spectrum of forces was involved in the junta, although it soon became clear that was an exaggeration, since neither the Socialists nor the Christian Democrats were present. Indeed, by the manner of its foundation, the junta had almost guaranteed the hostility of the Socialists. Always sensitive to any implied threat of Communist hegemony, they formed the rival Platform of Democratic Convergence with the Christian Democrats.

The extreme Left was loud and virulent in its denunciation of the junta, which is hardly surprising given the manifesto's effective denial of the realities of the class struggle. Maoists, Trotskyists and even the PCE's own internal Left opposition joined in condemning what was described as Carrillo's sellout to the *haute bourgeoisie*. Carrillo can present only one argument against these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reasonable critiques—that realism demands such compromise. Alliance with the bourgeoisie, in Carrillo's view, is essential for the overthrow of the regime. If the price is ideological disarmament, then it must be paid. In the dilemma between convincing his own Left and gaining bourgeois allies, Carrillo has chosen the latter. It makes more sense for the PCE to aim at the possible target of establishing a regime of democratic liberties than at the impossible one of overthrowing Spanish capitalism. If the criticisms of Cunhal and the speeches in Italy are to be believed, Carrillo is staking everything on proving his commitment to pluralist socialism. In fact, the recent executions carried out against alleged terrorists have gone a long way to substantiate the Communist claim that the Francoist form of domination is outmoded. So inept and distasteful has the regime's behavior become in the eyes of moderates that the Communist call for a wide front to impose the "democratic break" has been made to seem ever more rational. The executions seem to have dissipated the Socialist distrust of the Communists and stimulated the first joint communiqué by the junta and the platform. Whether that unity can be maintained and built upon depends on the degree of democratization Juan Carlos will permit. If he entrusts his tactics to a wily politician like Manual Fraga, it is likely that an attempt will be made to divide the Socialists from the Communists by the concession of limited liberties. It is then that the validity of Carrillo's theory will be tested. The irony of the situation is that Carrillo has made the PCE so moderate that its exclusion from the political arena in a Juan Carlos-dominated pluralist regime would be a strain on the credibility of the new regime's reforming intentions. □

BUGS IN A FRYING PAN

CHOPPING CALIFORNIA'S COTTON

CHRISTOPHER BIFFLE

San Bernardino

Bakersfield before dawn is strangely clean and pleasingly bare, like a desert. Everything is washed by the thin shadowless light of new fluorescent street lamps. The only sound is an occasional car mulling across town—the tires making a sound like a light steady wind.

The stars were still out but we were late. We walked as fast as we could without running; there was a long way to go, about thirty blocks. We had heard the trucks would leave the contractor's house at 3:30 A.M. to go and chop cotton. Cisco said, "It's good, two guys walking together. I have to walk down here by myself—you never know when somebody's going to jump out of a doorway and beat the shit out of you."

I had met Cisco the night before in the lobby of our hotel. I was working for nearly nothing in onions and he told me he thought we could get on in cotton for $2.40 an hour—that seemed like heaven. It didn't turn out that way but even so it was good to have met him. He gave me the first and best lesson I had on farm labor contractors—"scum of the earth," he called them.

We got to the contractor's house almost exactly at 3:30; the porch lamp was on but nobody was up. Three pickup trucks were parked in the front yard. We found a black man sitting in one of them and asked him if we could get in back, meaning could we have work? He was young, about 25, with a dark stocking cap pulled down tightly all around his head. He looked at us, a thin Anglo and a beat-up looking middle-aged Mexican and puffed out his cheeks—showing we didn't look like much. Then he shrugged his shoulders and we crawled into the back of the truck. We found two old black women asleep, one in each corner. One was snoring; it sounded as though someone was periodically choking her. Cisco said, "Christ, he's got two old ladies, what's wrong with us?" I nodded and we put our heads back against the boards and tried to sleep.

It took an hour for the truck to fill up. Most of the people seemed just to appear out of the trees and darkness. When we were about full an old black man in an old-fashioned, long-sleeved white shirt looked into the truck and said, very loudly for that early in the morning, "I don't know if you's love me and I don't care!" He made a frightened sound at his own boldness, "Eeeeee!" like a cartoon woman shrieking at a mouse. He climbed in and we laughed a little in the dark.

We rode for a long time and stopped at a little gas station and grocery with nothing in sight but bare, dark fields. We got out and began shaking our legs. I couldn't see the sun yet but it had thrown up a pale tent of light above the horizon. The store was closed and so was the gas station. We stood around. I asked the man in the stocking cap how much we were getting. He said, "Albert pays two an hour." I asked Cisco what we were doing. "Waiting for the fucking store to open."

We waited for about an hour. Then a white man drove up in a car, put his head out the window and said excitedly, "O.K.! O.K.!" The old black man with the white shirt trotted briskly around the side of the building and pulled out a tall wooden case. He said, "Now this here means I'm first and *everybody* stay off my tail!" He stood in front of the case and about half the men and women from three trucks got in line behind him. The white man brought a paper bag from his car and stood on the other side of the case. The bag was full of $1 bills. He took each person's name, wrote it down on the outside of the bag and handed over two ones.

By the time he was halfway through the line, the little store opened and we all flooded in. We saw something amazing. A big black man was standing on one of the

Christopher Biffle teaches philosophy at San Bernardino Valley College, in California. His book, Working in the Fields, *will be completed next month.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counters glaring down at us. He had arms the size of my thighs. This, it turned out, was Albert. He was watching to make sure no one stole anything. I bought a quart of chocolate milk and several small pies for breakfast. Cisco had two beers.

By the time we had eaten and gotten out to the field it was almost eight o'clock. Cisco and I had been up since three; he said, "Shit, we have to fool around for five hours before we can even get to work." The sun was well above the horizon and putting out a delicate heat that you could feel on the back of your shirt like a light pressure. We pulled hoes out of a long box on the back of the truck. Some of the men sighted down them, tested them lightly on the ground and looked carefully at the blades. I don't really think it made any difference which hoe you got, it was just nervousness and eagerness before work.

The driver walked along the furrows assigning each man his row. He said, "This is your up and this is your down," indicating two lines of cotton. We were to hoe one up and then turn around in the same furrow and hoe the other back. The cotton was about waist high. I looked up my row, picked up my hoe, which had an orange handle, and began looking for weeds.

I found out there were six kinds:

Johnson grass. This is the prehistoric dinosaur of weeds. I have seen it 7 feet tall, shooting out of the ground in a bright green fountain, each plant sending out six or seven lush, juicy shoots. You might expect to see it in a Johnny Weissmuller movie.

I never saw it short; it was always standing flamboyantly up out of the cotton where it had no place and no chance. The stalks were easily snappable and being so huge it was a fine weed to hoe. You can see it from a long way off and when you cut it down and take it out of the skyline you feel you have done something.

Lampshade. "Looks just like cotton." Actually it doesn't, but compared to the other weeds it is easily the closest. It is darker green than cotton and spreads out closer to the ground instead of growing straight up. It is the one you are mainly looking for and it is easy to pull up—plentiful, but lightly rooted. The stalk usually grows close to the cotton and half the time it is easier to reach in and pull it out than try to maneuver delicately with the hoe. Occasionally you discover how easily cotton comes out of the ground—a single, straight pathetic root suspended from leaves that feel like wax paper. You separate the lampshade and try to stuff the cotton back in the ground, or just prop it straight up among its brothers.

Bermuda grass. This is awful. You'll be coasting along and see a little bit of it, then a little more and then you look along and there it is, crawling all over the furrow like spiders. It grows in long thin runners that put down roots every few inches and when you are pulling it out you have the illusion that every bit of it is really only one strand.

There are several ways to work on it, all of them irritating. Sometimes you just get your blade down in it and hook a strand and yank back, pulling it out of a few places. But then you have to hook it again and again—your strand gets longer and longer but you don't come to the end. It is like following a string in a dream. Or you can go directly at it and use your hoe like an ax and chop it, but all you end up with is little bit-off pieces. Or you can just gouge out huge mounds of dirt, but this makes a bad mess of the bed and furrow. If you do too much of that, you end up sitting in the truck.

Occasionally, you'll be walking along and notice that you haven't seen some of your friends for some time—you'll look around and they'll be way back somewhere, apparently staring seriously at the ground. Each time you look back they are in the same place. After awhile you don't even look, much less go back to help. You know that they have foundered in Bermuda grass and are lost.

Tumbleweed. This has two natures neither of which is serious. When it is small it is light green and delicately spikey, like an underwater plant. The main shoot is thin and breaks off easily with a metal hoe. When it gets larger it puffs out into something like a beach ball, though sometimes two or three times as large. This means it is ready to tumble. Sometimes you just brush by them and they fall into the row.

Nut weed. I never found out the right name for this so I made one up. It is very tall, like Johnson grass, but grows in a single shoot with small stalks of leaves growing out to the side. It looks something like a miniature pine. As I remember, the leaves are a washed-out green with white blotches.

In some ways it is worse than Bermuda. When it gets about waist high the base of the stem turns almost to wood and when it gets a little taller it just cannot be cut with a hoe. Some of the men told me they had worked on jobs where they had actually straightened out their hoes, hacking and prying at this weed all day. The only way to get it out is to put your hoe down and grab it with both hands near the roots. When it is tall and you try to yank it this way it feels as though there is someone holding on at the other end. Getting down and trying to pull out four or five of these in a quarter-mile is too many.

Alfalfa. I didn't see too much of this. It has small beautiful blue flowers on top of thin strands of grass that seem as tough as wire.

Those are the weeds we were ranged against. Two other things increased our difficulty: the length of the rows and the heat. The rows were half a mile long. That is an incredible amount of cotton—I can't get over how far half a mile seemed. When I was working in melons and the people down at the other end looked like dolls, they told me the field was only a quarter-mile long. I decided they were lying. But when I got into cotton and looked down a furrow that was a real half-mile it was like looking down railroad tracks.

But this amazing length had varying effects, depending on the kind of work you were doing. There were patches in the field where the sun had burned the plants out and there was nothing but bare ground as hard as a baseball diamond, and there were other stretches where there was cotton but no weeds. In both of these places you just swung along, holding your hoe off the ground, and it was like ice-skating. But there were other stretches in the row where the weeds were so thick that you walked in baby steps. Every time you stopped to see how far you had come there was no change and the half-mile went rubbery. And of course when you got into thick Bermuda it was hopeless. You were going nowhere, the row went around the earth.

The second thing that made the work difficult was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heat. By the middle of the morning the sun moved into its real nature and broke your first strength. Each worker moved in his own cage of heat, the hoes began to be slippery in our hands and the first snakes of heat began to waver above the cotton. When you went down into the plants to pull out lampshade or tried to pull out nut weed it was like holding your breath. The cotton made a thick vegetable heat that ate your air. When you could walk along you made your own small breeze, but when you had to stop the air seemed to be sticking to your skin. (But all of this is still in the morning; later, I will say briefly what the afternoon is like.) Before noon on the first day I saw two people made sick by the sun.

The first of them was the son of one of the foremen, an Anglo. He was walking two rows over from me in very tall cotton. I happened to look up, saw him falter, and then his face wavered like a white flag and went down. His father came running and I didn't think anything more about him. He was a nasty kid and now I imagine that no one found him and he is still lying out there in all that cotton.

The other person was the old black man in the white shirt. It was about lunchtime and I was hoeing very slowly at the bottom of my row, so that I wouldn't have to start a new one and then have some distance to walk back when we took our break. I had been walking all morning. The sun was tiny, not quite overhead, but even the sky around it was hard to look at. I felt myself moving in a small, intense spotlight of heat.

Two young men were leaning against a green truck at the end of the row, drinking water and watching me blankly; another man was standing at the tailgate with his back turned and from the way he was standing I could tell he was pissing. About 50 yards from the end, I came suddenly on the old black man crouched in the row next to me. I don't know how long he had been there; no one else could see him—he was on his knees vomiting into the furrow.

Even though there was nothing anyone could do, I called to the truck that someone was sick. I stood above him feeling terrible. There was nothing to do but watch and listen to him retch. He was as cut off from any aid as if I had never found him. I squatted down and put my hand lightly on his back. It was very hot down in the cotton. His shirt was soaked and I could smell sweat and vomit. Each time he pitched forward he put his hand up to his face to try to hold his glasses on. I could see his eyes were wet and little beads of sweat stood out in his hair. Finally, he started to get control of himself—with his head still facing the ground, wiping his chin he said, "Yeah, this is the life."

Someone honked the horn in one of the trucks and we started to walk in for lunch. The old black man had already walked out of the field and was stretched out under the only tree in sight. Cisco asked one of the men where the lunch truck was. The man said, "What lunch truck?"

Cisco and I were the only ones who hadn't brought food—some of the men began sharing their meals with us. Our bodies gave off their heat and our strength began to sink into the ground. There was one small brilliant cloud just above the horizon and nothing else in the blank sky but the sun.

Cisco was leaning against the tree eating a tortilla filled with scrambled egg. He kept changing his position and I could see he couldn't relax. He shook his head and began a long angry monologue about work. "I can't make enough at this shit to get out of town. Work a day, then nothing, then half a day, nothing, then maybe you get three good days of work together and what can you do but get drunk? You ain't nothing out here but a bug in a frying pan.

"Now you got a car. I don't know why you're doing this shit. You could go to one of those canneries around Lamont. I think they're probably packing apricots now. Christ, that's good work. But they only pay you every other week and until you got some money there ain't even any sense in trying. I'd get my ass out there and starve.

"I did that out there about four years ago. That's a good job. We worked twelve-hour shifts seven days a week. Went five weeks, $2.40 an hour. Some of the guys couldn't handle it. But if you stayed for the whole season they gave you a bonus. When I got out of there, even after eating and drinking, I had some money. I went to Las Vegas.

"But cotton, shit. I didn't have any idea this was going to be Albert. You don't know what's going to happen. First they say you got $2.40 and then they give you two. The contractor, Albert, he gets the $2.40 from whoever owns this field. Then he tells his guys with trucks to get a bunch of people together—then he keeps 40 cents for every damn hour all of us work. Shit, he may have two or three hundred guys out here some days, here and over somewhere else. Figure it out. Three hundred guys, eight hours, 40 cents for each hour. The contractor screws everybody. But that ain't half of it. The guy we rode in the truck with? He's going to charge us a buck when we get paid just to take us out to this job where Albert can cheat us.

"Maybe he's charging us for ice too. Half the time there ain't any ice. He owns the truck or maybe somebody else does. Shit. Albert probably owns them all. Anyway the driver gets a buck a head; eighteen people, eighteen bucks a day. And he only lets in people he don't know if he ain't got enough friends he can cheat. Then they got Social Security. They're going to take maybe 50 cents for that. That goes to Albert. Shit, he ain't sending it to the government. The only books he's got is on paper sacks. Then, that store. He tells the guy he'll drop all his people there in the morning and afternoon, maybe a couple of hundred some days. And he gets a piece of whatever they buy there. That's why he don't want us stealing nothing.

"Then, say we get here at seven and work eight hours. They're going to say its only seven and a half. Chickenshit stuff but it all adds up. You don't see any time clocks, do you? It don't stop. Those bastards are going to get you every way they can.

"When Albert gets done today he's going to sit back on 40 cents for every hour we worked, that's a couple of hundred right there. Then he's going to count up his Social Security, maybe that's only thirty or forty—that's all right he can feed his dog with that. Then maybe he's going to pay his drivers something, maybe he gives them a dollar a head, I don't know, then he's got to pay for his gas and that's it. Then he can sit back and think about the piece he gets out of all the shit we bought in that store. And what has he done all day? Nothing."

He was finished. One of the drivers said, "Let's go" and we all slowly got up.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nothing happened all afternoon except that it got hotter and someone caught a small rabbit. We walked up and down the rows, our clothes wet to the knees, hoeing, stopping and leaning on the hoe; walking, stopping and taking off a hat; walking, stopping and hoeing miserably in Bermuda; walking and looking slowly around, stopping, putting the hoe down and getting down on our knees and pissing into the furrow; walking and talking a little bit, stopping, putting down the hoe, pulling on a weed with one hand and having it hold and reaching down with both hands and having it hold and then finally, slowly begin to give, breaking the hard dirt all around it like a mirror.

The heat in the afternoon was just enormous. It went up to the stars and down through the earth. It turned you inside out; the mind was nothing but the baked temperature of the skin. You walked in a coma—there is hardly a way to exaggerate it. All the air, all the ground, all the cotton and weeds were blasted by the same heat and every worker was a drained cipher, held inside this misery by the false promise of two dollar bills every hour.

They dropped us off at the store about 4:30. There was no shade except for a narrow strip along one wall of the gas station. Everyone that could had found a soda carton to sit on next to that wall; the others squatted uneasily in the dust in the sun. It was hotter in the trucks.

There were about fifty of us. After awhile one or two men lay down under the trucks. A few people had money and went into the store and bought something to drink, usually wine.

Albert finally walked up, looking huge and cool, and we lined up behind the case again. He had a whole fistful of money, ones on top and fives underneath, and he began to pay us. He said we had worked seven hours. After he subtracted "Social Security" and the two dollars he had loaned us in the morning, and after we had paid the drivers a buck, we all had about $1.40 an hour to show for the eight real hours we had worked. We all put the money into our pockets for a moment and filed into the store. □

(Author's note: *One of the major differences between Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers and the Teamsters, the two unions now battling to represent farm workers in California, is that the former wants to replace farm labor contractors with union hiring halls and the latter doesn't.*)

GEOGRAPHICAL SURPRISE

THE LIBERAL MIDWEST

THOMAS D. ANDERSON

Bowling Green, Ohio

Like "damn" and "Yankee," "conservative" and "Midwest" are labels used so often in conjunction that many people have come to consider them natural partners. In a similar fashion the meaning of the term "Middle American" has been transmuted through usage from its original sense of a position on the spectrum of political ideology and been given a geographical connotation. All this is consistent with the conventional view of the political geography of the United States—a center of liberalism on each coast, especially the Boston-Washington axis and California, separated by a vast heartland of conservatism and underlain by a reactionary South.

This conception persists despite evidence that it is flawed, perhaps because people who dwell along each coast find it comfortable and satisfying to their egos. It would seem that this reason, or any other, is insufficient if one's aim is to understand and at times to predict national political events. Interpretations of United States politics based upon such a model must account continually for the appearance of anomalies. Liberal Senators such as McGovern, Mondale, Proxmire, Culver and Clark, to name a few from the Midwest, must be explained away as exceptions in the same way that Buckley, Reagan and Scott are viewed as departures from the norm in the coastal enclaves. On the other hand, by taking a fresh look at regional politics, one discovers, belatedly, that voters in the northern Midwest are dominantly liberal. Indeed, if one uses the measure of innovative leadership by elected officials, the North-Central states may hold first rank in the nation as a center of liberalism.

Support for this argument can be drawn from various sources, but one of the most visible and measurable is the voting performance by states of United States Senators. Senators are elected statewide and the basic beliefs of each candidate are well publicized. It is logical to assume a degree of correspondence in outlook between a successful candidate and those who vote support; especially when the person is re-elected or is replaced by someone of similar outlook. Examination of the winners of Senate seats in recent elections supports the idea of a core area of liberalism in the Midwest.

A listing of Senators by state is revealing. Minnesota: Mondale and Humphrey (replacing McCarthy); Iowa: Clark and Culver (replacing Hughes); South Dakota: Abourezk and McGovern; Wisconsin: Nelson and Proxmire; Missouri: Eagleton and Symington; Illinois: Percy and Stevenson; Indiana: Bayh and Hartke. Of the total, only Percy is a Republican. It is difficult to find a comparably large group of elected officials of national renown who are more widely perceived to be liberals. It is even more difficult to believe that they do not reflect the attitudes of the majority of the voters of their home states on many major issues.

A problem inherent in any discussion of this sort is, what constitutes a liberal? Rather than impose my own ideas, I have used an analysis of the voting record of each

Thomas Anderson is a cultural geographer, teaching at Bowling Green State University, Ohio. In 1974, Mr. Anderson was a Fulbright-Hays senior lecturer in Caracas.

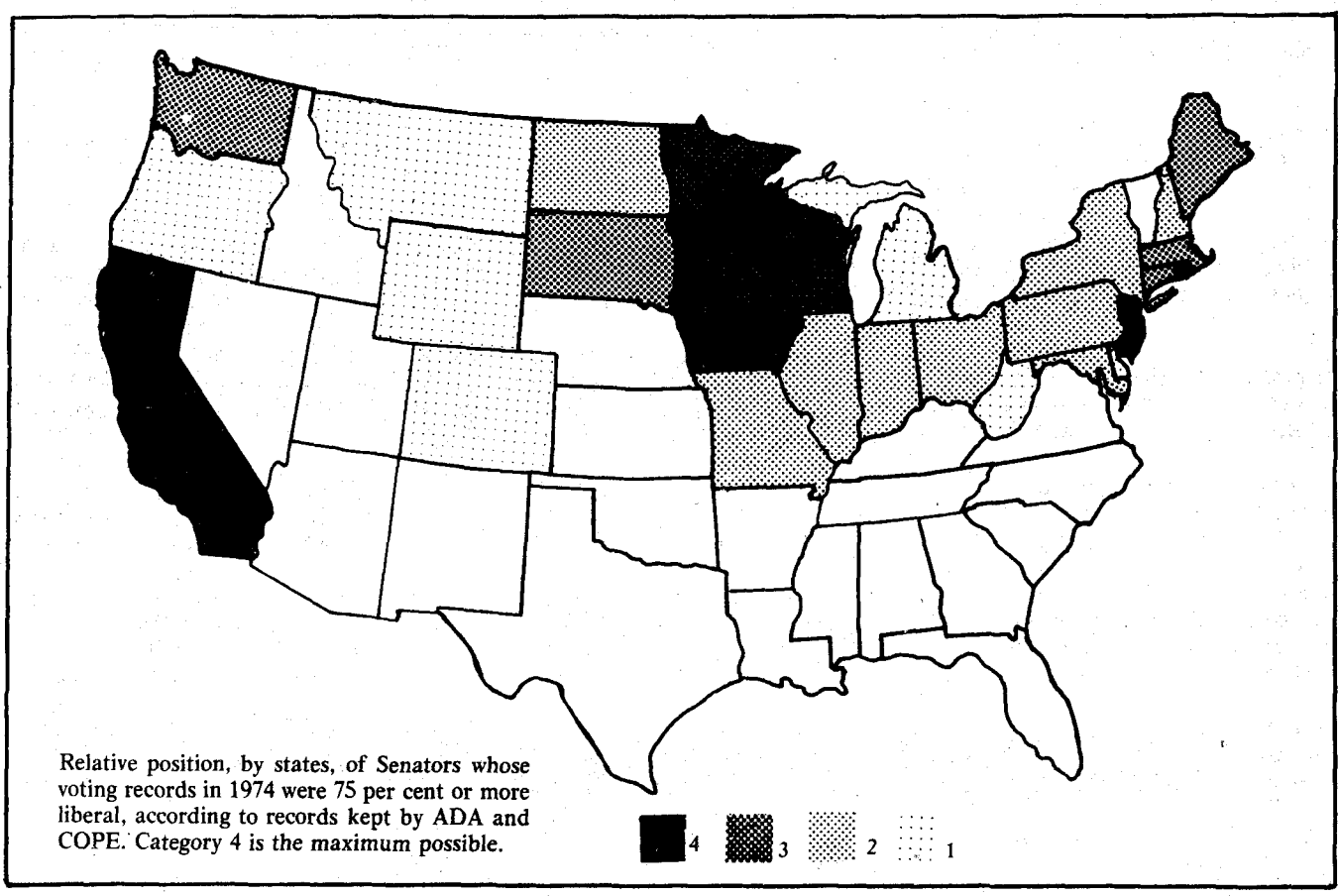
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator as compiled by special-interest groups. Tallies by the ADA (Americans for Democratic Action) and COPE (AFL-CIO Committee for Political Education) provided a statistical measure of two opinions of liberalism, and ratings by the ACA (Americans for Constitutional Action) were examined for a negative assessment. A third of the total Senate membership achieved a score of 75 per cent or more in support of issues selected by at least one of the liberal pressure groups. Conversely, roughly the same Senators also scored below 13 per cent in "correct votes" as defined by the ACA.

When these data, as compiled for each Senator in 1974 by the *Congressional Quarterly*, are plotted on a map, several distinct patterns appear. In addition to the expected clusters of liberal states on each coast and a conservative South, one notes liberal Senators from a core of states consisting of Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and Wisconsin. The use of less exacting criteria would make this cluster of states even more notable. For example, McGovern scored *only* 73 per cent on the COPE evaluation, which then gave South Dakota a three rating, and both Eagleton and Symington were rated at 71 per cent by the ADA, which put Missouri into the two category on the scale selected. In addition, only a sixteen-vote plurality victory in a race against two Democrats enabled Milton Young to preserve a conservative voice in the Senate contingent from North Dakota. It can be argued that a majority of North Dakota voters expressed a choice for liberalism.

This North-Central core of liberalism is circumscribed sharply only by Nebraska on its west flank, where Curtis and Hruska seem to be entrenched. Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, like Missouri, ranked in the two category. In Ohio, John Glenn is expected to be decidedly liberal but less predictably so than was Howard Metzenbaum, especially on labor issues where Metzenbaum was rated at 100 per cent by COPE. It is more likely that Glenn will continue Ohio's modern tradition of a maverick voice, as exemplified earlier by Lausche, Young and Saxbe. When compared with the East, this strip of states in the Midwest was represented by Senators no less liberal in voting habits than were Maryland, New York, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania.

The picture that emerges is of a Midwestern region of great size, population and economic vitality whose voters regularly elect Senators of liberal persuasion. This in itself is not especially noteworthy, except that the fact seems to be perceived only dimly at the national level. California and the Northeast continue to be cited as *the* bastions of liberalism in contrast with a heartland of plodding conservatism. The attitude persists despite the notoriety of the battles over school segregation and abortion in Massachusetts and a continued following in their home states for such politicians as Buckley, Reagan and Scott. Persistent progressivism in the North-Central liberal core appears to be understood as series of isolated phenomena rather than as a general regional characteristic. A recognition of the reality of a Midwestern voting majority that is basically liberal in outlook would contribute greatly to a more accurate understanding of the political geography of the United States. □



Relative position, by states, of Senators whose voting records in 1974 were 75 per cent or more liberal, according to records kept by ADA and COPE. Category 4 is the maximum possible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Watching the Revolution Go By

GUERRILLAS. *By V. S. Naipaul. Alfred A. Knopf. 248 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES R. LARSON

Although he has been publishing fiction for eighteen years, V. S. Naipaul remains a most difficult writer to classify. His novels alone have settings as disparate as the Caribbean (*A House for Mr. Biswas*), England (*Mr. Stone and the Knights Companion*), Africa and the United States (the novellas of *In a Free State*). His nonfiction reveals a similar cosmopolitan panorama: *The Loss of El Dorado*, an extraordinary history of Trinidad, Naipaul's birthplace; *The Overcrowded Barracoon*, an enlightening account of life in that isolated island country, Mauritius; *An Area of Darkness*, a personal record of Naipaul's travels to his ancestors' homeland, India. When they are looked at as a whole, these and his numerous other works disclose an overall pattern or theme, that of the exile, wanderer, or refugee—at home, perhaps, in the world as a whole but never comfortable in any specific locale. Rarely has a Third World writer shown as much variety as Naipaul has in his books; few contemporary writers, moreover, have earned such critical acclaim or won so many distinguished literary awards.

Naipaul's most recent novel, *Guerrillas*, follows some of the patterns I have mentioned. For the setting he has, once again, returned to the West Indies—to an island which is probably Trinidad, though that is never entirely clear. The characters belong, again, to that homeless breed of persons who have spent long periods of their lives away from the countries of their birth. To these preoccupations, Naipaul adds another, though again one that has characterized much of his earlier writing: political strife. Specifically, *Guerrillas* is about incipient Black Power, a topic that is supposedly passé. Naipaul's achievement is to take a now hackneyed theme and produce a more significant treatment of it than most of his contemporaries with similar concerns.

The story revolves around three washed-up characters: Jimmy Ahmed, an islander of mixed blood who has lived for years in England; Peter Roche, a South African white; and Roche's mistress, Jane. All are drifters, cut off from the mainstream of activity around them. When the story begins, Jimmy has returned to his homeland and become the leader of a band of guerrillas, hoping to overthrow the island government. Roche has joined him, offering financial assistance as well as a kind of dubious intellectual support. Jane is there because of Roche, though in time she becomes involved with Jimmy. It is Jimmy who articulates the problem: "Everybody wants to fight his own little war, everybody is a guerrilla." Too many people want a part of the action. There are plenty of candidates for leadership—it's the followers who are in short supply. In the infighting that results among the would-be leaders, the revolution begins to fade into the background.

Jimmy Ahmed never achieves the following needed to bring about the revolution. When he lived in England, spouting the rhetoric of black nationalism, people listened to him. Some even took him seriously, and in time Jimmy began to feel important. In the Caribbean, however, he has lost much of his sparkle. Here, his Chinese blood is a handicap—if you're shouting about Black Power, it helps to be all black. Naipaul suggests that if the British had ignored him, had not given him a forum in the first place, Jimmy would never have come to see himself as a black savior. His own countrymen do not take him seriously; there are already too many other candidates. The camp he sets up in the hills is little more than a haven for social misfits. They aren't guerrillas at all—just a gang of toughs living outside the city, occasionally harassing the island's inhabitants.

Of Peter Roche, Jimmy's chief defender, Naipaul writes, "He was a man who didn't have a place to go back to; he was someone for whom room had been made." Some years earlier, Roche had been tortured in a South African prison. A book he subsequently wrote about that experience made him famous, and Roche now believes that his identification with the black liberation movement in Southern Africa guarantees his acceptance by black revolutionaries in the rest of the world. He thinks he has come to the Caribbean with noble intentions and prospects. But he has it all wrong. Revolutionary attitudes have become a kind of conditioned reflex with him, and he is blinded by an optimism that expresses the characterological limitations of his vision rather than the realities of his situation. Jane understands that situation far better than he. She tells him, "No one makes a new life."

But Jane herself cannot escape what she has been. In England she worked for a publishing house, getting herself involved with the writers she met more than with their books. When she agreed to go to the West Indies with Roche, she started another empty liaison—but this time there is no emergency exit. Her

Charles Larson's new book, The Novel in the Third World, *will be published early in 1976.*

FOX

Worry a riddle at the head of the ditch
for answers that fall with a thunderous
roar from the sky and abolishing us
prove asylums decoy, a truth which
he argues in the forced gap of exile,
ears alert to withstand the patriot yell
of the drilled pack of beagles mumbling while
keeping to heel (they close in at the kill).

As years turn his sharp nose still follows on
the path of the moon or failing its light
criss cross patterns of wandering sound,
tiny cries of guidance and fear. The sun
may dry the moist earth, good friend of the night,
when the singing men call "Gone to Ground!"

Joan Keefe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subsequent involvement with Jimmy Ahmed brings about a string of events that culminate in the novel's violent ending.

For V.S. Naipaul's story is constructed like a Fourth of July fireworks demonstration: the biggest burst comes at the end. Perhaps the explosion is inevitable, given the participants, yet the story builds so slowly and so skillfully that until the final scene bursts upon us, we are hardly aware of the necessary outcome of the events; it is only in retrospect that we see that the desultory action has in fact been charged with fate. And although the relationships of Naipaul's characters explode into an orgy of brutality, the revolution has petered out. Black Power in Jimmy Ahmed's island homeland is dead.

No one writes better about politics in the West Indies than V. S. Naipaul. Nor is there anyone who writes more profoundly about exiles, would-be revolutionaries and their assorted camp followers. Written in a deliberately flat style, *Guerrillas* is a deeply pessimistic novel, telling us that we have seen about as much political change in the West Indian island republics as we are likely to see. International economic forces guarantee the *status quo*; black revolutionaries are expendable. □

SURVIVAL

This love
is our own mix. . .
a given,
like the rose I find
in a rough fall of pine cones. . .
or a single kite spool
here in our hands,
its twine unwinding
up the drafts
over light settling
red on an iron mountain.
And on toward the harshness of stars,
rounding the sky.

It is this knowing
I have a stubborn
glittering ally. . .
who will vouch
I passed this way.

Anne S. Perlman

The Last of the Apaches

FIG TREE JOHN. *By Edwin Corle, with an introduction by Walter James Miller. Liveright. 310 pp. Paper $2.45.*

ROBERT F. SAYRE

In the 19th century, many American towns had a few Indians still living around their edges. Thoreau visited with a number of them and recorded their skills and their taciturn dignity. But he was not always welcome. When he and a friend told a woman named Sepit, at Betty's Neck near New Bedford, that they were interested in "the old stock, now they were so few," she answered sourly, "Yes, and you'd be glad if they were all gone." That justifiable resentment, which Thoreau found in the 1850s, is what Edwin Corle studied in this brilliant novel, first published in 1935 and now at last properly reprinted.

It is set in the Southern California desert, 1906-28. Two Apaches, Agocho and his wife Kai-a, escape their reservation in Arizona and come to the Salton Sea. Agocho is intrigued by this inland ocean suddenly created by the Colorado River when it rose up and rebelled against irrigation dams and ditches and flowed out into the desert to become poisonous salt water. It symbolizes nature's punishment of the foolish white man. And when Agocho and Kai-a discover an oasis near it, they build a *kowa* (hut) and stay. Kai-a plants some fig tree shoots, Agocho hunts in the mountains to the west, and they soon have a son, N'Chai Chidn, whom they raise as nearly as possible in traditional ways.

But threatening this tiny, peaceful family is the booming Imperial Valley. First to intrude on them is a white man lost in the desert. Agocho rescues him, but he reports the Indian's presence, calling him "Fig Tree John." The next intruders are two thieves, who attack and kill Kai-a while Agocho is trading in the white town, Mecca.

Resolutely, Agocho goes on raising his son, hunting and tending the fig trees, while just as resolutely the developers of the valley reach out with their new ranches and orchards until they are almost to the shore of the sea. Agocho does not change and scarcely recognizes the white men's presence, except to steal from them occasionally. To him they are contemptible. Why shouldn't he steal from them?

N'Chai Chidn, however, is more curious. He begins to slip away from his father and he takes jobs in the orchards. He learns English from the ranchers and acquires his new name, Johnny Mack. Eventually, he buys a Ford, marries a young Mexican girl, and brings her to live in a wooden shack he has built beside Agocho's *kowa*.

Gradually Corle shifts his authorial sympathies and moral point of view from father to son. Though still in the prime of life, Agocho/Fig Tree John has lost all contact with the rest of humanity.

> The fact that he lived a solitary, vindictive life to the point of obsession, that he mistrusted, disliked, or hated all other human beings outside the clearing, that he brooded on the injustices forced upon him and considered his son a traitor to his blood, never in any way led him to consider for an instant that life might require adjustment on his part, and that he could alleviate his sufferings by intellectualizing and analyzing them apart from himself.

Fig Tree John rapes his daughter-in-law and fights with his son. The surrounding ranchers call him by yet another name, "that Apache devil." (This, according to Miller's introduction, was the name used as the title of the book when it was republished in a cheap edition some years ago.) But Johnny Mack, patiently looking forward to his new life, and looking back on the traditions his father has given him, has the understanding not to resist Agocho until the very last, when he kills him in self-defense and then buries him according to tribal rites. Then Johnny Mack leaves in his Ford to drive his wife to the city.

Corle was not an Indian. He was a radio and film script writer who was sympathetic to Indians, in the spirit of John Collier and Oliver La Farge. In this novel he seems to have found the chance to balance Hollywood simplicities with a thoughtful imagination of realities. Here is what happened to a man not killed in the last ambush against the U.S. Cavalry. Yet at the same time the novel's chases and fights have the suspense of well-paced movies. Like Faulkner, Corle could make violence both exciting and psychologically profound.

Fig Tree John, as a character, bears comparison with one of Faulkner's mute, tragic isolates—as lonely as Joe Christmas, as frozen in his traditional identity as Quentin Compson. But such comparisons should remind us that *Fig Tree John* is a white man's projection. The last of the old Apaches didn't necessarily go the way Agocho did, any more than they went as described in the films. But Corle's novel is so well imagined that the next writer to take up this subject had better be very good. □

Robert Sayre teaches English at the University of Iowa, Iowa City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS
(Arranged alphabetically by artist)

FRA ANGELICO. *By John Pope-Hennessy. Cornell University Press. 15 color, 259 black-and-white illustrations. 242 pp. $42.50.*

This is a new version of the book written in 1952. It is demonstrated that the innocent monk of folklore was in fact a purposeful and disciplined *Florentine* artist. Catalogue including lost or ascribed works. Fine illustrations.

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM. *By Albert Christ-Janer. Harry N. Abrams. 50 color, 125 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $40.*

Discursive account of Christ-Janer's work on Bingham which started in the 1930s with Thomas Hart Benton's sponsorship, but luckily gets around to Bingham as well. The material on Bingham is fascinating, characterizing this most solid of all American genre painters. Good illustrations.

ISABEL BISHOP. *By Karl Lunde. Harry N. Abrams. 50 color, 121 black-and-white illustrations. 182 pp. $37.50.*

Well-illustrated survey of Bishop's art, tracing clearly her main iconographical themes of women friends and city crowds. This book pays proper respect to a distinguished artist.

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL. *By William Blake. Commentary by Geoffrey Keynes. Oxford University Press. 27 color illustrations. Unpaginated. $16.95. Paper $7.95.*

Facsimile reproductions of one of the earliest, and exceptionally beautiful, printed and hand-colored books. Word and color, image and sentence interpenetrate sinuously.

BRANCUSI: The Sculpture and Drawings. *By Sidney Geist. Harry N. Abrams. 51 color, 195 black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. $37.50.*

The admirable text is the summation of Geist's long study of Brancusi. The color photographs are remarkable.

GEORGE CATLIN: Letters and Notes on the North American Indians. *Edited by Michael Macdonald Mooney. Clarkson N. Potter. 8 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 366 pp. $15.*

Catlin's paintings of Indian subjects are well known, but here is his written account of his experiences in the West in 1832-36 (originally published in 1841). His is a clean, clear prose, with data and reflections that could not be expressed in the paintings. Recommended.

CEZANNE IN PERSPECTIVE. *Edited by Judith Wechsler. The Artists in Perspective series. Prentice-Hall. 33 black-and-white illustrations. 170 pp. $8.95. Paper $2.95.*

Comments by contemporaries, by artists and by critics and historians show the complex path of Cézanne criticism. Fair introduction which undervalues Merleau-Ponty and overestimates Meyer Schapiro. Cézanne's poetry is quoted in the original French, certainly an error in a schoolbook like this.

THE LIFE AND ART OF WILLIAM MERIT CHASE. *By Katharine Metcalf Roof. Hacker Art Books. Black-and-white illustrations. 352 pp. $25.*

Reissue of a book published originally in 1917, written by a student as an official biography. It is full of interesting information about Chase and the art world of his time, including his contacts with Whistler. An agreeable book.

A JOSEPH CORNELL ALBUM. *By Dore Ashton. The Viking Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $15.*

Homages and souvenirs by various writers, favorite texts of Cornell's, a long essay by Ashton, evoke the artist's characteristic mood pleasantly.

ALBERT CUYP. *By Stephen Reiss. New York Graphic Society. 12 color, 160 black-and-white illustrations. 222 pp. $37.50.*

As a major 17th-century Dutch landscape painter, Cuyp has been severely neglected. This study is basically an example of connoisseurship at the service of the market. Reiss authenticates work scrupulously, but he has no interest in the expressive or cultural factors beyond authenticity. Welcome, but dry. Well illustrated.

DEGAS: The Complete Engravings, Lithographs and Monotypes. *By Jean Adhémar and Françoise Cochin. The Viking Press. 18 color, 184 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. $32.50.*

VISION IS A GIFT.

One man held America in a crystal ball of controversy.

Legendary newspaperman J. W. Gitt spoke his piece in every piece he wrote—and this book is a collection of these classic examples of insight and integrity.

Read timeless wisdom from the man who predicted women's liberation in 1916; warned about staying out of Southeast Asia in the 1920s and wrote about environmental problems years before anyone cared.

Sometimes, all it takes is one voice to awaken America. And, once in a great while a book comes along that you can make your bible. Order your copy today and gift your friends with the book they'll treasure.

"*J. W. Gitt's Sweet Land of Liberty* is full of insights ahead of their time, wisdom for all times, and a practicing courage."
RALPH NADER

"This book deserves to be widely read."
BALTIMORE EVENING SUN

"J. W. Gitt was the William Allen White of the East, only more courageous, more perspicacious, and more lucid and logical than the Sage of Emporia. What is impressive is how right he was, how early . . . My only regret about *J. W. Gitt's Sweet Land of Liberty* is that it is not two or three times as large."
HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Send $8.95 per copy (includes postage and handling; N. Y. Residents, add appropriate tax).
To: Jerome S. Ozer, Publisher, Dept. B
475 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Name_____

Address_____

City or Town_____

State_____ Zip_____

I enclose $_____ for_____ book(s).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Degas's graphic work is comparatively unfamiliar but he was an extraordinary printmaker, producing etchings and lithographs as well as the remarkable monotypes (or one-off impressions). Cochin includes an interesting discussion of Degas's use of and attitude to the female nude. Recommended.

GEORGES DE LA TOUR. *By Benedict Nicolson and Christopher Wright. Phaidon Books. Distributed by Praeger Publishers. 24 color, 88 black-and-white illustrations. 152 pp. $45.*

Detailed study of a fascinating but elusive artist: the book is a model of the process of sifting scanty information until gradually a convincing chronology emerges. And once you have a chronology you have a lot of the man. Very good illustrations including remarkable details. Recommended.

SONIA DELAUNAY. *By Arthur A. Cohen. Harry N. Abrams. 48 color, 149 black-and-white illustrations. 206 pp. $37.50.*

Delaunay is probably the most illustrated woman artist in the world. Three years ago a big book on her was written by Jacques Demase and here is another. Both books deal with her work as a painter and designer. Cohen's text is more informative but for illustrations the earlier book is more abundant.

ARTHUR DOVE. *By Barbara Haskell. San Francisco Museum of Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. 63 color, 40 black-and-white illustrations. 136 pp. $19.95.*

A welcome study of a somewhat neglected artist whose nature-romanticism issued in Abstract paintings of an indigenous American character. Well illustrated.

MARCEL DUCHAMP IN PERSPECTIVE. *Edited by Joseph Masheck. The Artists in Perspective series. Prentice-Hall. 28 black-and-white illustrations. 184 pp. $9.95. Paper $3.45.*

The various essays are not historically arranged as in the other works in this series but constitute a spectrum of points of view from all sides of Duchamp. There are no dull books on Duchamp.

MAX ERNST: Maximiliana. *By Peter Schamoni. New York Graphic Society. 88 pp. of two-color and full-color illustrations. $17.50.*

A curiosity: the author uses Ernst and related collage material to produce a book that resembles a chemical industry brochure.

SAM FRANCIS. *By Peter Selz. Harry N. Abrams. 45 color, 150 black-and-white illustrations. 260 pp. $37.50.*

Francis is an American-born international artist of high professionalism. Selz's text recounts his busy but uneventful life in inordinate detail, overemphasizing the significance of small formal changes in the paintings. Handsome illustrations.

AUGUSTUS JOHN. *By Michael Holroyd. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Black-and-white illustrations. 676 pp. $17.95.*

The life of a bohemian artist, written at great length (there are 843 footnotes), by a professional biographer: protracted nostalgia about a nonexemplary life.

THE PRINTS OF ROCKWELL KENT. *By Dan Burne Jones. University of Chicago Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 220 pp. $32.50.*

Catalogue raisonné of an artist who combined high streamlining of form with a love of the great outdoors. Plenty of technical information about each print but no iconographical description, which has the effect of severing Kent's work from the political situation in which it developed.

KING RENE'S BOOK OF LOVE. *Introduction by F. Unterkircher. George Braziller. 16 color illustrations. Unpaginated. $17.50.*

The unnamed artist who illustrated the allegorical romance written by René of Anjou in 1457 produced a masterpiece of French book illumination. Fine reproduction of the breath-takingly lyrical pages, including unprecedented night scenes.

GUSTAV KLIMT. *By Alessandra Comini. George Braziller. 48 color, 31 black-and-white illustrations. 112 pp. Paper $8.95.*

Brief but very much to the point text about the eroticism and the Viennese context of Klimt's charged paintings. Excellent color illustrations.

KATHE KOLLWITZ: Life in Art. *By Mina C. Klein and H. Arthur Klein. Schocken Books. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 184 pp. $6.95.*

The sentimentality of the text should not be confused with the Expressionist intensity of Kollwitz. Her anti-war, anti-poverty imagery could stand a cooler appraisal than that of the writers.

LEONARDO: The Artist and the Non-Artist. *By Cecil Gould. New York Graphic Society. 8 color, 100 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $22.50.*

A good example of sophisticated popularization: Gould presents a unified view of Leonardo's art and research in a smooth, highly readable style.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. *By Jack Wasserman. Harry N. Abrams. 48 color, 91 black-and-white illustrations. 180 pp. $22.50.*

The complicated state of Leonardo's paintings (which bits did he do, what has happened chemically?) makes them awkward material for commentary in a picture book. Wasserman struggles to write briskly while recording doubts and qualifications. The result: a coffee-table book afflicted with honest doubt.

RICHARD LINDNER. *By Hilton Kramer. New York Graphic Society. 56 color, 115 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. $37.50.*

The illustrations cover Lindner's work since 1967 but Kramer's text is a general essay on Lindner, disjunct from the new work. Lindner's iconography of a Brechtian discothèque is well displayed in this full sample of new work.

REGINALD MARSH. *By Lloyd Goodrich. Harry N. Abrams. 85 color, 154 black-and-white illustrations. 308 pp. $50.*

Marsh adapted the grand manner (Michelangelo and Rubens) to native scenes (Coney Island and the subway) with far more skill than has been conceded lately. One of the best of Goodrich's essays on American artists, drawing on personal knowledge. An abundance of illustrations.

MICHELANGELO. *By Howard Hibbard. Harper & Row. 204 black-and-white illustrations. 348 pp. $12.50.*

Hibbard's intention was "to write a short, reliable book" for the general reader. He has done so, and very well (cf., Gould on Leonardo above). A nice balance between original sources and recent scholarship.

MILLET: One Hundred Drawings. *By Rosaline Bacou. Harper & Row. 4 color, 96 black-and-white illustrations. 215 pp. $60.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is pleasant that the market for art books can support large picture books on such a specialized subject. The drawings are boldly massed, ripe in line and eloquent on peasant and landscape themes. Brief but interesting text.

PIRANESI. *By Jonathan Scott. Academy Editions / St. Martin's Press. 361 black-and-white illustrations. 336 pp. $50.*

Piranesi's spectacular architectural imagery is securely sited in the life and times of the artist. The book is well illustrated, as what book on Piranesi is not, but none of the others have this solid stock of unfamiliar information.

HOWARD PYLE. *By Henry C. Pitz. Clarkson N. Potter. 39 color, 165 black-and-white illustrations. 248 pp. $25.*

Pyle was an illustrator, but one whose work still had connections with high art traditions, unlike nowadays when the profession has its own aesthetics. A briskly told biography.

MAN RAY. *By Roland Penrose. New York Graphic Society. 20 color, 154 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. Paper $8.95.*

A biography of Man Ray as he moved between America and Paris, painting and photography. It seems clear now that photography, not painting, was his métier, and more information on this would have been useful.

ART AS ART: The Selected Writings of Ad Reinhardt. *Edited by Barbara Rose. The Documents of 20th Century Art series. The Viking Press. 15 black-and-white illustrations. 236 pp. $14.95.*

Rose in the introduction suggests that Reinhardt's ultimate value is as "a prophet of the realization that high art can only endure as spiritual art." Well, maybe, but his copious writings are also exuberant, ironic, rancorous and parodistic and, as such, a marvelous commentary on the recent art world. Recommended.

DISCOURSES ON ART. *By Joshua Reynolds. Edited by Robert R. Wark. Yale University Press. 28 black-and-white illustrations. 350 pp. $20.*

A new edition of the book first published in 1959, with two new appendices, one with William Blake's indignant annotations on the *Discourses*, the other with

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS IN THE NATION

Gordon Stewart Wood
Forrest Carlisle Pogue
Caroline Robbins
Kenneth B. Clark
Peter L. Berger
G. Warren Nutter
Seymour Martin Lipset
Dean Rusk
Edward C. Banfield
Paul G. Kauper
Robert A. Nisbet
Irving Kristol
Martin Diamond
Leo Marx
Ronald S. Berman
Charles Burton Marshall
Vermont Royster
For Your Christmas Gift List
A celebration of the United States Bicentennial
AMERICA'S CONTINUING REVOLUTION
Outstanding American scholars explore the future of the American Revolution through the perspectives of history, politics, economics, law, sociology, religion, culture and the arts.
"On the whole, the essays are presented in a relaxed, almost conversational style, one which will appeal to the scholar and layman alike."
Library Journal
"Besides the worth of the individual essays, the whole collection testifies to the importance of the American Revolutionary experience in understanding the many concerns our nation faces today."
Perspective
A clothbound collection of essays
Also available as seventeen 30-minute video cassettes or audio tapes
Excellent audio/visual library or classroom material.
AMERICA's CONTINUING REVOLUTION
Clothbound, $12.
Audio cassettes, $5.75 each; $45 the series.
Video color cassettes, $115 each; $1,760 the series.
AEI
The American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research
To order America's Continuing Revolution, write:
Office of the Administrator
American Enterprise Institute
Dept. T
1150 Seventeenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Hazlitt's essays in rebuttal of Reynolds's classicism. An indispensable book on the literature of art.

LUCAS SAMARAS. *By Kim Levin. Harry N. Abrams. 75 color, 195 black-and-white illustrations. 252 pp. $37.50.*

Everything you wanted to know about Samaras, and more. Levin's patience is endless: good historical details concerning the 1960s but overinterpretation of the art.

EGON SCHIELE'S PORTRAITS. *By Alessandra Comini. University of California Press. 200 color, black-and-white illustrations. 272 pp. $65.*

A distinguished contribution to the present efflorescence of Viennese art studies. The exacerbated human image, frequently self-portraiture, was Schiele's subject and Comini's elucidation of both the characteristic tremor and the historical framework is exemplary. Recommended.

EVERETT SHINN, 1876-1953. *By Edith DeShazo. Clarkson N. Potter. 21 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 236 pp. $15.*

More biography than art criticism: Shinn, one of the realists of the Ashcan School was also a Rococo Revival decorator. This book suggests his neglect may be ending.

TURNER. *By Luke Herrmann. New York Graphic Society. 48 color, 142 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $37.50.*

As part of the British scholars' celebration of the bicentenary of Turner's birth, Herrmann has made, as he says, a picture book to show Turner's work as a single complex structure.

JOHN TRUMBULL. *By Irma B. Jaffe. New York Graphic Society. 16 color, 205 black-and-white illustrations. 346 pp. $29.50.*

Masterly survey of this early American painter (1756-1843): his development as an artist and the convincingly detailed setting of American life and politics are brilliantly displayed. Many unfamiliar illustrations. Recommended.

VELASQUEZ. *By José Gudiol. The Viking Press. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 356 pp. $45.*

A clear chronological account of Velásquez's life and art, solidly informative, accompanied by excellent illustrations, including ravishing details.

VERMEER. *By Lawrence Gowing. Harper & Row. 115 black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. Paper $5.95.*

Originally published in 1952, this book remains remarkable for the way it reconciles the act of painting with the meaning of the picture, not in terms of Abstract art but as complex figuration. A fruitful example of the influence of Adrian Stokes on English art writing.

MAX WEBER. *By Alfred Werner. Harry N. Abrams. 54 color, 106 black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. $37.50.*

Weber was an artist who seems to have believed that the conventions of modern art were really caricatures, deformations of appearances. Werner's dull text does not persuade one that this was a fruitful misunderstanding.

GRANT WOOD. *By James M. Dennis. The Viking Press. 40 color, 190 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. $35.*

Dennis is reluctant to concede Wood's debt to the *Neue Sachlichkeit* painters (whom he saw in Germany at just the right moment), but apart from this blind spot he has written a solid and illuminating study of an artist who deserves to be known for his *oeuvre*, not just for "American Gothic." Recommended.

Groups and Periods
(Arranged alphabetically by author)

AMERICAN SCULPTURE IN PROCESS: 1930-1970. *By Wayne Andersen. 8 color, 303 black-and-white illustrations. New York Graphic Society. 278 pp. $19.95.*

A detailed and incisive history of the main lines of recent American sculpture (except for realism). Fresh information on a wide range of artists and candid judgment of their representative periods.

FLORENTINE PAINTING AND ITS SOCIAL BACKGROUND. *By Frederick Antal. Harper & Row. 160 black-and-white illustrations. 388 pp. Paper $8.95.*

Originally published in 1948, this is the classic Marxist interpretation of a period in art history, and though abused subsequently it seems intact and cogent still.

ART DECO SCULPTURE: Chryselephantine Statuettes of the 20s and 30s. *By Victor Arwas. St. Martin's Press. 12 color, 130 black-and-white illustrations. 108 pp. $20.*

Chryselephantine expanded from meaning ivory and gold objects to refer to ivory mixed with any other materials. The small statues, usually female, are somewhere between Hiram Power's "Greek Slave" and Busby Berkeley's chorus girls.

FLIGHT OUT OF TIME: A Dada Diary. *By Hugo Ball. Edited by John Elderfield. The Documents of 20th Century Art series. The Viking Press. 14 black-and-white illustrations. 254 pp. $20.*

Unlike Huelsenbeck's text (see below), Ball's is based on diaries that he edited close to their composition: hence their authenticity and vividness. Useful introduction by Elderfield which helps restore Ball to his central place in the Dada movement.

WOMEN IN THE FINE ARTS. *By Clara Erskine Clement. Hacker Art Books. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 396 pp. $17.50.*

Reissue of a book originally published in 1904. It is an acute reminder of the decline of feminist studies between the early and mid-20th century. The thousand or so names here provide many opportunities for modern research. Recommended.

THE FAUVES. *By Gaston Diehl. Harry N. Abrams. 48 color, 82 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. $25.*

Somewhat flowery French style of writing, but the necessary data are here, including the spread of the movement's influence beyond Paris. Good illustrations.

MEMOIRS OF A DADA DRUMMER. *By Richard Huelsenbeck. Edited by Hans J. Kleinschmidt. The Documents of 20th Century Art series. The Viking Press. 17 black-and-white illustrations. 202 pp. $16.50.*

Although Huelsenbeck was a Dadaist in the teens of the century, his later writings, about Dada or about art in general, are distanced, stuffy and hackneyed.

AMERICAN POSTERS OF THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. *By Carolyn Keay. St. Martin's Press. 12 color, 138 black-and-white illustrations. 116 pp. $17.50.*

A cheap and cheerful array of posters (including "Gee! I wish I were *a man. I'd* join the Navy" by Howard Chandler Christy). Reprints contemporary articles on posters, five from the 1890s, one undated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE VISION: Constable and Wordsworth. *By Karl Kroeber. University of Wisconsin Press. 5 black-and-white illustrations. 142 pp. $10.*

This is one of the set comparisons in English Romanticism, but the interdisciplinary theme is not usually treated with the rigor that Kroeber brings to it here.

ENGLISH PAINTING FROM HOGARTH TO THE PRE-RAPHAELITES. *By Jean-Jacques Mayoux. St. Martin's Press. 130 color illustrations. 282 pp. $60.*

Spanning two hundred years of a native school gives this book an old-fashioned, postwar look. Popularizing books usually deal in smaller historical units now. Essayistic appreciation by a pro-British Frenchman.

THE SACRED SPRING: The Arts in Vienna 1898-1918. *By Nicolas Powell. New York Graphic Society. 24 color, 117 black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. $25.*

Viennese architecture has never lacked admirers (Josef Hoffmann, Adolf Loos) but it is only recently that the painters have been appreciated. Indeed Klimt and Schiele are being feted. This is a very useful overview of all the arts in the city.

THE ERA OF GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM. *Edited by Paul Raabe. The Overlook Press. Distributed by The Viking Press. 423 pp. $15.*

Collection of first-hand documents about Expressionism in general. The texts on the visual arts are thus seen in relation to the other arts, which is a welcome enlargement of our usual view.

CARAVAGGIO AND HIS FOLLOWERS. *By Richard E. Spear. Harper & Row. 140 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. Paper $5.95.*

This book is a reprint of the catalogue of an exhibition at the Cleveland Museum of Art in 1961. A fascinating account of the diffusion of one artist's influence, outward from his personal achievement, across Europe. Art history here illuminates the study of communication.

VENETIAN ART FROM BELLINI TO TITIAN. *By Johannes Wilde. Clarendon Press / Oxford University Press. 222 black-and-white illustrations. 268 pp. $9.50. Paper $6.95.*

Vilde, a Viennese art historian who emigrated to England in 1938, was one of those academics who publish comparatively little but is revered by colleagues and students. This excellent book, based on lectures, is published posthumously. The warmth of his feeling for Venetian art and the clarity of his methods are both demonstrated.

Miscellaneous

SUPER REALISM. *Edited by Gregory Battcock. E. P. Dutton & Co. 16 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 322 pp. Paper $6.95.*

Reprints essays on Photo-Realism, but the editor's sense of topicality is not matched by real knowledge of the field. As a result the book, like all of Battcock's anthologies, is spotty in its coverage and misleading in its total impression.

LOOKING AT PICTURES WITH BERNARD BERENSON. *Selected by Hanna Kiel. Harry N. Abrams. 61 color, 98 black-and-white illustrations. 360 pp. $35.*

Selections from Berenson's writings of all periods accompanied by reproductions of the works discussed. An interesting and disturbing relation of text and image. The confrontation sometimes gives specificity to Berenson's perceptions but as often reveals his penchant for generalizations that drift away from the concrete starting point.

THE ART CRISIS. *By Bonnie Burnham. St. Martin's Press. 256 pp. $8.95.*

Essays dealing with theft, smuggling, inflation and the population explosion as it affects museums. No general crisis is defined but the dysfunctions the author records are readable and interesting.

THE SEEING HAND: A Treasury of Great Master Drawings. *By Colin Eisler. Harper & Row. Numerous color and black-and-white illustrations. 264 pp. $37.50.*

The Seeing Hand is a book for The Idle Hour. Drawings of different periods are grouped under such headings as "Portraits," "Animals" and "Still Life," with appreciative introductory chats; but physically the drawings are well reproduced.

REDISCOVERIES IN ART. *By Francis Haskell. Cornell University Press. 255 black-and-white illustrations. 118 pp. $19.50.*

The Wrightsman lectures for 1973 (at New York University). The Anglophile character of the series is maintained but with a radical assumption behind the urbanity this time. Haskell discusses revivals and taste changes not simply as incidents in the history of the 19th century but as suggestive of perpetual social and intellectual flow. Recommended.

ART CHRONICLES, 1954-1966. *By Frank O'Hara. George Braziller. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 166 pp. $12.50.*

Art criticism of the late 1950s and early 1960s which holds a revealing mirror up to the general ideas and the patterns of friendship of the period. It makes strange reading now.

MURAL MANUAL. *By Mark Rogovin, et al. Beacon Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 116 pp. $10.95.*

A practical book based on the experience of the Chicago neighborhood teams of muralists and artists. How-to-do-it information combined with a sketch of the modern mural movement and a bibliography. Informative illustrations.

MODERN PAINTING AND THE NORTHERN ROMANTIC TRADITION: Friedrich to Rothko. *By Robert Rosenblum. Harper & Row. 314 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $17.50.*

Connections between modern art and the past have been played down because of the prestige of the concept of "modernity." Rosenblum connects the early 19th and the mid-20th centuries, however, with a web of affiliations, some of them very interesting. A drawback is his overemphasis on the landscape potential of Newman's and Rothko's Abstract painting.

GARGOYLES AND GROTESQUES: Paganism in the Medieval Church. *By Ronald Sheridan and Anne Ross. New York Graphic Society. 120 black-and-white illustrations. 127 pp. $14.95.*

It is argued that pre-Christian traditions survive in 11th-to-14th century carvings with monstrous and wild subjects in European churches. Close-up photographs of frenzied and covert images.

STREET ART. *By Robert Sommer. Links Books. Distributed by Quick Fox. 24 color, 60 black-and-white illustrations. 66 pp. Paper $7.95.*

Appreciative defence of vernacular and ethnic art in California, where Sommer is a behavioral psychologist. His permis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sive aesthetic is applicable from coast to coast.

ART THERAPY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. *Edited by Elinor Ulman and Penny Dockinger. Schocken Books. 16 color, numerous black-and-white illustrations. 404 pp. $15.*

These articles reprinted from *The American Journal of Art Therapy*, which started in 1961, provide a useful survey of the problematic field of the therapeutic and educational uses of art.

ART AND THE OCCULT. *By Paul Waldo-Schwartz. George Braziller. 138 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. $7.95.*

What do Boccioni and Breughel have in common? Chagall and Cranach? All are subject to mighty powers that inform their art, one way or another. A daft book.

THE PAINTED WORD. *By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Black-and-white illustrations. 122 pp. $5.95.*

The only time I read about horse racing is when somebody is alleged to have doped the horses. This book is for people whose interest in art is like mine in horses.

RECORDS 1975 / David Hamilton

(All recordings in categories I and II are stereophonic; all those in category III are monophonic unless otherwise noted.)

I. New Recordings

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas Nos. 23 and 32. Alfred Brendel. Philips 6500 138. $7.98.

Piano Sonatas Nos. 24 and 29. Alfred Brendel. Philips 6500 139. $7.98.

Symphony No. 5. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Carlos Kleiber, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 516. $7.98.

BERG: *Lulu Suite.* Anja Silja, soprano. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Christoph von Dohnanyi, cond. London OS 26397. $6.98 (with Strauss: Final Scene from *Salome*).

BRAHMS: Folksong Arrangements. Edith Mathis, soprano. Peter Schreier, tenor. Karl Engel, piano. Leipzig Radio Chorus; Horst Neumann, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 507. $23.94 (three discs).

Piano Concerto No. 1. Alfred Brendel. Amsterdam Concertgebuow Orchestra; Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, cond. Philips 6500 623. $7.98.

Symphony No. 4; *Academic Festival Overture.* London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Angel S 37034. $6.98.

CARTER: Duo for Violin and Piano. Paul Zukofsky; Gilbert Kalish. Double Concerto. Paul Jacobs; Gilbert Kalish; Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H 71314. $3.98.

DAVIES: *Second Fantasia on Taverner's In Nomine;* New Philharmonia Orchestra; Charles Groves, cond. *Points and Dances* from *Taverner.* The Fires of London. Argo ZRG 712. $6.98.

KODALY: Orchestral Music. Philharmonia Hungarica; Antal Dorati, cond. London CSA 2313. $20.94 (three discs).

LISZT: *Transcendental Etudes.* Russell Sherman, piano. Advent cassette D 1010. $5.95 (not issued on disc).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 6. Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra; Jascha Horenstein, cond. Nonesuch HB 73029. $7.92 (two discs).

MASSENET: *La Navarraise.* Soloists. London Symphony Orchestra; Antonio de Almeida, cond. Columbia M 33506. $6.98.

MENDELSSOHN: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Murray Perahia; Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, cond. Columbia M 33207. $6.98.

MILHAUD: Piano Works. William Bolcom. Nonesuch H 71316. $3.96.

MUSSORGSKY: *Khovanschina.* Soloists. Bolshoi Theatre Chorus and Orchestra; Boris Khaikin, cond. Angel SRDL 4125. $27.92 (four discs).

PERLE: *Three Movements for Orchestra.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; David Epstein, cond. LEWIS: Symphony No. 2. London Symphony Orchestra, Robert Hall Lewis, cond. CRI SD 331. $6.95.

SCHOENBERG: Chamber Symphony, Op. 9. Ensemble; Gunther Schuller, cond. Finnadar 9008. $6.98 (with works by Berg, Webern).

Pelleas und Melisande. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 485. $7.98.

Piano Music. Paul Jacobs. Nonesuch H 71309. $3.96.

Pierrot Lunaire; Chamber Symphony, Op. 9 (arr. Webern). Mary Thomas, soprano; The Fires of London. Unicorn RHS 319. $7.98.

SCHUBERT: Songs. Brigitte Fassbänder, mezzo-soprano; Erik Werba, piano. EMI/Odeon C 065-28 969. $7.98.

SCHUETZ: *Musikalische Exequien;* Motets. Cantata Singers; John Harbison, cond. Advent cassette C 1030. $4.95 (not issued on disc).

STRAVINSKY: Piano Concerto; *Ebony Concerto*; Octet; *Symphonies of Wind Instruments.* Theo Bruins, piano; Netherlands Wind Ensemble; Edo de Waart, cond. Philips 6500 841. $7.98.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *The Nutcracker.* Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra; Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, cond. Columbia M2 33116. $13.96 (two discs).

WEBER: *Euryanthe.* Soloists. Dresden State Opera Orchestra; Marek Janowski, cond. Angel SDL 3764. $27.92 (four discs).

WOLF: *Mörike-Lieder* (selections). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Daniel Barenboim, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 053. $15.96 (two discs).

Footlifters: A Century of American Marches. Gunther Schuller, cond. Columbia XM 33513. $5.98.

Music for a Twentieth-Century Violinist. Paul Zukofsky; Gilbert Kalish, piano; other performers. Desto DC 6435/7. $20.94 (three discs).

Twentieth-Century Flute Music. Harvey Sollberger; various performers. Nonesuch H 73028. $7.92 (two discs).

II. Reissues

DVORAK: Violin Concerto. Josef Suk; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Karel Ancerl, cond. Vanguard SU-3. $6.98.

Slavonic Dances; Carnival Overture. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Odyssey Y2 33524. $7.98 (two discs).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERHARD: Symphony No. 1; *Don Quixote*—Ballet Suite. BBC Symphony Orchestra; Antal Dorati, cond. Argo ZRG 752. $6.98.

SESSIONS: Suite from *The Black Maskers*. Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Howard Hanson, cond. Mercury SRI 75045. $6.98 (with works by Barber, Ginastera).

Music for Voice and Guitar. Peter Pears, Julian Bream. RCA Gold Seal AGL1 1281. $4.98.

III. Historical Recordings

BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonatas, etc. Pablo Casals; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Otto Schulhof, Alfred Cortot, piano. EMI/Odeon C 147-01 538/9. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1927-39).

Piano Sonatas Nos. 7, 8, 23, 31, 32. Edwin Fischer. EMI/Odeon C 147-01 674/5. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1938, 1952, 1954).

String Quartets, Opp. 127, 131, 132, 135. Busch Quartet. EMI/Odeon C 147-01 668/70. $23.94 (three discs; recorded 1935-37).

Symphonies Nos. 3, 5, 7; other works. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. EMI/Odeon SLS 873. $23.94 (three discs; recorded 1954-56; "electronic stereo").

BERG: *Wozzeck*. Soloists; New York Philharmonic; Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Odyssey Y2 33126. $7.98 (two discs; recorded 1951).

BERLIOZ: Overtures. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Odyssey Y 33287. $3.98 (recorded 1952).

BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1. Artur Schnabel; London Philharmonic Orchestra; George Szell, cond. World Record Club SH 223. $7.95 (recorded 1938).

Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin; Lucerne Festival Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim 60232. $3.98 (recorded 1949).

FAURE: Fiftieth Anniversary Album. Various performers. EMI/Odeon C 153-12 845/6. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1912-54).

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 29, 31, 34, 35-41. London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Turnabout THS 65022/6. $19.90 (five discs; recorded 1934-40).

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1. London Symphony Orchestra; Robert Kajanus, cond. Turnabout THS 65045. $3.98 (recorded 1930).

STRAUSS: *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Prologue omitted). Soloists, Stuttgart Radio Orchestra; Clemens Kraus, cond. BASF 21806. $13.96 (two discs; recorded 1935).

VERDI: *Il Trovatore*. Soloists, RCA Victor Orchestra; Renato Cellini, cond. RCA Victrola AVM2 0698. $6.98 (two discs; recorded 1952).

Operatic Arias and Spanish Songs. Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. EMI/Odeon SLS 5012. $23.94 (three discs; recorded 1947-69).

Operatic Arias. Tito Gobbi, baritone. EMI/Odeon C 187-01 549/50. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1942-64).

Songs and Arias. Hans Hotter, Baritone. EMI/Odeon C 147-01 633/4. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1949-53).

Operatic Arias. Tiana Lemnitz, soprano. EMI/Odeon C 147-28 989/90. $15.96 (two discs; recorded 1937-48).

Books by Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1975 by writers who have appeared in The Nation *this year. This compilation is a regular year-end feature.*

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY. *Topics in American Art Since 1945*. W.W. Norton. $10.

STANLEY ARONOWITZ. *Food, Shelter and the American Dream*. Seabury Press. Paper $3.95.

JOHN BALABAN. *After Our War*. University of Pittsburgh Press. Paper $2.95.

Vietnamese Folk Poetry. Unicorn Press. $8. Paper $5.

JIM BARNES (contributor). *Carriers of the Dream Wheel*. Harper & Row. $9.95.

PETER BARNES (editor). *The People's Land*. Rodale Press. $6.95.

STEPHEN BERG. *Grief, Poems & Versions of Poems*. Grossman/Viking. $3.95.

BARTON J. BERNSTEIN. *Hiroshima and Nagasaki Reconsidered: The Atomic Bombings of Japan and the Origins of the Cold War, 1941-1945*. General Learning Corp. $2.

The Atomic Bomb: The Critical Issues. Little, Brown and Co. $4.95.

MARY CLAY BERRY. *The Alaska Pipeline: The Politics of Oil and Native Land Claims*. Indiana University Press. $10.95.

WENDELL BERRY. *The Memory of Old Jack*. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Paper $2.65.

The Country of Marriage. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Paper $2.25.

To What Listens. Best Cellar Press. Paper $2.

ALVAH BESSIE. *Men in Battle* (revised edition). Chandler & Sharp. Paper $6.95.

Spain Again. Chandler & Sharp. Paper $5.95.

DUANE BIGEAGLE. *Bidato, Ten Mile River Poems*. Workingman's Press/Serendipity Books. $2.

ETTA BLUM. *The Space My Body Fills*. Exposition Press. $4.50.

ROBERT BOYD. *Propaganda and Advertising*. Junior College District of St. Louis, Mo. $2.25.

SIMON BREINES (with William J. Deans). *The Pedestrian Revolution: Streets Without Cars*. Vintage Books. $3.95.

LENNART BRUCE. *Subpoemas*. Panjandrum Press. $3.

The Weekly People. No horoscopes or soccer scores. Not even all the news. Some "what" and lots of "why" on significant developments you possibly missed. Incisive writing, socialist advocacy. Four month trial $1. Dept. 4C, 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto CA 94303.

thinking like a woman by kesh fitz
afterword by barbara deming
"...a triumph of consciousness, endurance, love, and plain good writing."
—Robin Morgan
The development of a feminist as seen through 10 years of collected essays.
a WIN book
$3.25
Order from
41 Union Square W., NY, NY 10003
FREE LIFE EDITIONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exposure (revised edition). Cloud Marauder Press. $2.50.

E. BRADFORD BURNS. *Latin American Cinema: Film and History.* UCLA Latin American Center. $3.95.

MELVIN H. BUXBAUM. *Benjamin Franklin and the Zealous Presbyterians.* Pennsylvania State University Press. $14.50.

MILTON CANTOR (co-editor). *Men, Women, and Issues.* The Dorsey Press. 2 Vols. $3.50 each.

EMILE CAPOUYA (co-editor with Keitha Tompkins). *The Essential Kropotkin.* Liveright. $12.50. Paper $2.95.

JEAN CARPER (with Jacqueline Verrett). *Eating May Be Hazardous To Your Health.* Anchor/Doubleday. Paper $2.95.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *The Bloomingdale Papers.* University of Georgia Press. $7.50. Paper $3.95.

G.S. SHARAT CHANDRA. *Offsprings of Servagna.* Writers Workshop Publications (Calcutta, India). 30r.

O. EDMUND CLUBB. *The Witness and I.* Columbia University Press. $9.95.

HAROLD CLURMAN. *The Fervent Years* (reprint). Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Paper $4.95.

WILLIAM J. DEANS (with Simon Breines). *The Pedestrian Revolution: Streets Without Cars.* Vintage Books. $3.95.

ANTONIO DE FIGUEIREDO. *Portugal: Fifty Years of Dictatorship.* Pelican/Penguin. 80p.

CHRISTOPHER DELL. *Lincoln and the War Democrats: The Grand Erosion of Conservative Tradition.* Fairleigh Dickinson University Press. $18.50.

WAYNE DODD. *We Will Wear White Roses.* Best Cellar Press. $1.50.

A Time of Hunting. Seabury Press. $6.95.

PETER DREYER. *A Gardener Touched With Genius: The Life of Luther Burbank.* Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $10.

For thought-provoking ideas, facts and opinions.
SUBSCRIBE TO
THE NATION
The 110-year-old magazine still ahead of its time.
See Subscription Offer on Back Cover of This Issue

RICHARD EBERHART. *Poems to Poets.* Penmaen Press. $20 (signed). $6.

DAVID EWING. *Writing for Results.* John Wiley & Sons. $11.95.

RICHARD A. FALK. *A Study of Future Worlds.* The Free Press. $6.95.

A Global Approach to National Policy. Harvard University Press. $15.

MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN. *Samuel Beckett Now* (revised edition). University of Chicago Press. Paper $3.95.

RALPH FRIEDMAN. *A Touch of Oregon.* Comstock Publishing Associates. $1.75.

TESS GALLAGHER. *Instructions to the Double.* Graywolf Press. $15 (signed). Paper $5.

HELEN GINSBURG. *Unemployment, Subemployment, and Public Policy.* New York University School of Social Work. Paper $1.

JOHN GITTINGS. *The World and China, 1922-72.* Harper & Row. $11.

The Lessons of Chile. Transnational Institute (Amsterdam)/Spokesman Books (Nottingham, England). 75p.

EDWARD S. GREENBERG. *Serving the Few: Corporate Capitalism and the Bias of Government Policy.* John Wiley & Sons. $4.95.

GERALD HASLAM. *Okies: Selected Stories* (revised edition). Peregrine-Smith. Paper $4.95.

Afro-American Oral Literature. Harper & Row. Paper $1.95.

SAMUEL HAZO. *Inscripts: A Trilogy.* Ohio University Press. $7.95. Paper $3.95.

The Growl of Deeper Waters (translator). (By Denis de Rougemont.) University of Pittsburgh Press. $7.95.

JAMES HIGGINS (with James J. Matles). *Them and Us.* Beacon Press. $4.45.

H. STUART HUGHES. *The Sea Change.* Harper & Row. $10.

BRUCE JACKSON. *Get Your Ass in the Water and Swim Like Me: Narrative Poetry from Black Oral Tradition.* Harvard University Press. $12.95.

THOMAS JOHNSON. *Ground Zero.* West Coast Poetry Review Press. $2.

Arriving at the Nadir. Copper Beech Press-Brown University. $2.

EDWIN KENNEBECK (contributor). *The Jury System in America.* Sage Publications. $17.50. Paper $4.50.

EDWIN J. KENNEY, Jr. *Elizabeth Bowen.* Bucknell University Press. $4.95.

JAMES KOHL. *Urban Guerrilla Warfare in Latin America.* The M.I.T. Press. $12.50.

JOHN KOLARS. *Physical Geography: Environment and Man.* McGraw-Hill. $11.95.

ROBERT A. KOLBE (with Joseph and Gloria Dawley). *Painting Western Character Studies.* Watson-Guptill Publications. $15.95.

TED KOOSER. *A Local Habitation & A Name* (reprint). Solo Press. $2.95.

HARRIET KRIEGEL. *Women in Drama.* The New American Library. Paper $2.25.

GREG KUZMA. *A Day in the World.* The Cummington Press, Abattoir Editions. University of Nebraska Press.

ALEXANDER LAING. *Brant Point: Poems.* The University Press of New England. $7. Paper $3.75.

CORLISS LAMONT (with Helen Lamont). *The Meaning of Vietnam and Cambodia.* Basic Pamphlets. 50¢.

CHARLES R. LARSON. *More Modern African Stories.* Fontana (London). 40p.

ABRAHAM F. LOWENTHAL. *The Peruvian Experiment: Continuity and Change Under Military Rule.* Princeton University Press. $22.50. Paper $6.95.

PAUL L. MARIANI. *William Carlos Williams: The Poet and His Critics.* American Library Association. $14.95.

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN (translator). *A Wonderful Guy.* (By Christine Arnothy.) Doubleday & Co. $7.95.

TOM McKEOWN. *The House of Water, Early Poems.* Basilisk Press. Paper $2.50.

PETER MEINKE. *Lines From Neuchâtel.* Konglomerati Press. $1.

ROBERT K. MORRIS. *Paradoxes of Order.* University of Missouri Press. $5.

The Achievement of William Styron (co-editor). University of Georgia Press. $12.50.

DANIEL MURPHY. *Journals of Lady Gregory.* Oxford University Press (U.S.A.) and Colin Smythe (Europe)

DUANE NIATUM (editor). *Carriers*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Dream Wheel. Harper & Row. $9.95.

STEPHEN B. OATES. *The Fires of Jubilee: Nat Turner's Fierce Rebellion.* Harper & Row. $7.95.

McKINLEY C. OLSON. *J.W. Gitt's Sweet Land of Liberty.* Jerome S. Ozer Publisher. $8.95.

LINDA PASTAN. *Aspects of Eve.* Liveright. $6.95. Paper $2.50.

On the Way to the Zoo. Dryad Press. $4.

JAMES PETRAS. *The United States and Chile.* Monthly Review Press. $10.95.

ROGER PFINGSTON. *A Poem for Tom Sandage.* The Raintree Press. $1.50.

RONALD RADOSH. *Prophets on the Right: Profiles of Conservative Critics of American Globalism.* Simon & Schuster. $9.95.

MORRIS RENEK. *Las Vegas Strip.* Alfred A. Knopf. $7.95.

Siam Miami. Fischer Taschenbücher Verlag (Frankfurt am Main). DM 5.80.

PAUL ROAZEN. *Freud and His Followers.* Alfred A. Knopf. $15.

M.L. ROSENTHAL (contributor). *Seven American Poets from McLeish to Nemerov: An Introduction.* University of Minnesota Press. $11.50.

JAMES ROSS. *They Don't Dance Much* (reissue). Southern Illinois University Press/Lost Fiction Series. $8.95.

R.V. SAMPSON (translator). *Leo Tolstoy: The Inevitable Revolution.* The Fellowship of Reconciliation. Paper 75¢.

STUART A. SCHEINGOLD. *The Politics of Rights: Lawyers, Public Policy and Political Change.* Yale University Press. $2.95.

DEREK SHEARER (co-editor with Lee Webb). *Public Policy Reader.* National Conference on Alternative State and Public Policy. $5.

JOHN SOLLID. *Siren.* Thorp Springs Press. Paper $3.

BARBARA PROBST SOLOMON (translator and editor). *Operation Ogro: The Execution of Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco.* Quadrangle Books. $8.95.

WILLIAM STAFFORD (co-editor). *Modern Poetry of Western America.* Brigham Young University Press. $9.95. Paper $7.95.

DAVID ST. JOHN. *Slow Dance.* The Barn Dream Press. $2.95.

CHRISTOPHER D. STONE. *Where the Law Ends: The Social Control of Corporate Behavior.* Harper & Row. $12.95.

Should Trees Have Standing? (revised edition). Avon Books. Paper $1.50.

BRIAN SWANN (translator and editor). *Selected Poems of Andrea Zanzotto.* Princeton University Press. $16.50. Paper $3.95.

Roots. New Rivers Press. Paper $2.

RONALD B. TAYLOR. *Chavez and the Farm Workers.* Beacon Press. $10.

Sweatshops in the Sun. Beacon Press. $6.95. Paper $3.95.

MARILYN THOMPSON. *Saying Things.* Abattoir Editions, University of Nebraska Press.

ROBERT E. WALTERS. *Sea Power and the Nuclear Fallacy: A Reevaluation of Global Strategy.* Holmes & Meier. $10.95.

ALAN MATT WARHAFTIG (editor). *MASKS: Politics, the Arts & Technology.* Stanford University Press. Paper $2.95.

LEE WEBB (co-editor with Derek Shearer). *Public Policy Reader.* National Conference on Alternative State and Local Public Policy. $5.

CHRIS WELLES. *The Last Days of the Club.* E.P. Dutton & Co. $15.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Television and Cultural Form.* Schocken Books. $7.50. Paper $3.45.

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS. *History As a Way of Learning.* Franklin Watts. $12.50.

PETER WINN. *El Imperio Británico informal en el Uruguay en el siglo XIX.* Ediciones de la Banda Oriental (Montevideo). $5.

JOHN F. WINSLOW. *Conglomerates Unlimited: The Failure of Regulation.* Indiana University Press. $10.

GEORGE WOODCOCK. *Gabriel Dumont.* Hurtig Publishers. $8.95.

Notes on Visitations: Poems 1935-1975. House of Anansi. $7.95.

BRYAN WOOLLEY. *We Be Here When the Morning Comes.* University Press of Kentucky. $7.50.

JAMES D. WRIGHT (with Richard F. Hamilton). *New Directions in Political Sociology.* The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Paper $1.95.

Buy Your Books
through THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

When I saw Alan Bennett's *Habeas Corpus* in London two years ago with Alec Guinness in the leading role, I found its ribaldry silly and flat. I was puzzled by the play's success and the audience's evident pleasure in it.

Seeing it again in an entirely new production, (Martin Beck Theatre), perhaps slightly revised in its text and brilliantly directed by Frank Dunlop of *Scapino* fame, made a marked difference. I found a good deal of it funny and two or three scenes hilarious. The spanking buffoonery of Dunlop's staging is enhanced by a sparkling cast. My particular favorites were the "epic"—not-afraid-to-ham-it-comedian—Donald Sinden as a daft doctor whose 50-year-old respectability is only a thin mask covering cynicism and a raging libido; Jean Marsh, who transforms the ache of a flat-chested 33-year-old virgin into beguiling comedy; Rachel Roberts, whose neglect by her husband (the doctor) has turned her into a voracious nympho; and Paxton Whitehead, who plays a throbbingly celibate clergyman with tongue-in-cheek wit.

An appreciation of the show depends on one's disposition and momentary mood. If one is not prepared to lend oneself to its kind of fun one is apt to find it wearisome. But something more should be said about it, whether it is accepted on its own terms or rejected as foolish fluff. For Alan Bennett of *Beyond the Fringe* celebrity is anything but a fool. He has a canny grasp of the contemporary English temperature.

While American audiences often relish bedroom shenanigans through a reverse puritanism—as an escape from unavowed repression—there is something more to it than that in England, where a widespread skepticism obtains about everything. The economic, social, political standstill has created an all-pervasive uncertainty. The stalwart pride of the inherited past is breaking up; everyone realizes this but is loath to admit it—except as a joke. Very little is left to believe in or to hold on to. "If we laugh at our dismay," the English seem to be saying, "we are being candid without giving ourselves away. Perhaps only the pleasures of the flesh are left to us." But it is not a frank and healthy lust, a joy of the senses. It has become a grimace—in some instances painful, in others angry, in still others, jeering. Alan Bennett ducks all such attitudes: he invites his (English) audience to regard the situation as a spoof, a poke in the ribs, something to be laughed at and then forgotten. It is not satire; it is frolic, hence safe.

The clergyman in *Habeas Corpus* who sways from the asexual to the ambisexual as he plunges into a moment of grotesque abandon hoots that he is now in "the forefront of Anglican sexuality." And the refrain throughout the play's high jinks is, "I suppose this is what is meant by the permissive society." There is, in short, a direct line from the turbid ambiguities of Pinter's *The Lover* to the harum-scarum of Orton's *What the Butler Saw*, ending in *Habeas Corpus* as a burlesque blowup. The play assumes no "position" but sets itself forth without care as a grinning symptom. The English liked it much more in a rather mediocre production than Americans probably will in a superior one.

What interests me most about *Ice Age* (Chelsea Theatre at the Brooklyn Academy of Music) is the possible reasons for its writing and for its title. Since the author, Tankred Dorst, declares that the play "takes the last years of the life of Knut Hamsun, the Nobel Prize-winning novelist in 1920, as a pretext for a fictitious story with fictitious characters," I take the play by a real German author of 50 as a pretext for a true intepretation of his motives.

Despite the disclaimer just quoted, the character simply referred to in the text as The Old Man is very much the renowned Norwegian, Knut Hamsun. When we see him at 90, partly deaf and with moments of real or simulated aphasia, he is presented as an arch individualist, an eccentric of saturnine humor. The favorite philosopher of his early years was Nietzsche; *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was his "bible." He despises socialism for its supposed egalitarianism. He believes in a patriarchal society under strong and sane leadership. Life is hard and demands tough-mindedness. (After a long period of starvation and other hardship in America, The Old Man has spent most of his life working on his farm.) He is no anti-Semite and he is supposed to have found Hitler, when he met him, an unpleasant egomaniac, though he had thought of him at first as the kind of imperiously aristocratic leader to whom he might be loyal. He is contemptuous of American democracy and humanitarian pretension; he constantly recalls the horror of Hiroshima. He despises profiteers and admires courage even in his opponents.

In the play we find him detained at a mental hospital pending an investigation of his espousal of Nazism and the Quisling regime. All this, I repeat, corresponds to Hamsun's history. What *is* fictitious is that in the asylum The Old Man encounters a youth named Oswald, the son of a powerful capitalist, who as a Partisan during the occupation of Norway was bent on killing the writer. Oswald was unable to carry out the assassination, but still keeps the bomb with which he expected to effect it, hidden in his quarters. After several colloquies with the aged novelist, extremely hostile on the young man's part, a kind of wry cordiality develops between them. The Old Man is attracted by the younger one's daring anarchism. When Oswald is about to leave the hospital and to set out in the world to forge a new path—though he seems to have no definite occupation—The Old Man tells him he must do something worthwhile—become a complete person. We soon learn that Oswald, having run away in a stolen car, has died in the explosion of the bomb, which he carried along with him to the end. The Old Man is stricken with sincere grief.

The "ice age" of the title doesn't refer to the old age of the play's protagonist. It is meant to characterize a society in which the intellectually independent, though politically mistaken men of the past are followed by adversaries with no real ground on which to build, no clear goal except destruction which must inevitably lead to self-destruction. The old generation has lost contact with the new youth; the young mistrust their forebears. That is, the author implies, the world situation today.

Further than this, *Ice Age* means to explain, understand and perhaps "forgive" such men as Hamsun (and, in our country, Ezra Pound), men we call traitors. I make no comment on this issue because, for one thing, it is at present academic. I must observe, however, that while many artists are keenly perceptive of the social and political character of their times and may play a leading role in helping us judge it, they are frequently lost and make a mess of things in concrete political circumstances and activities.

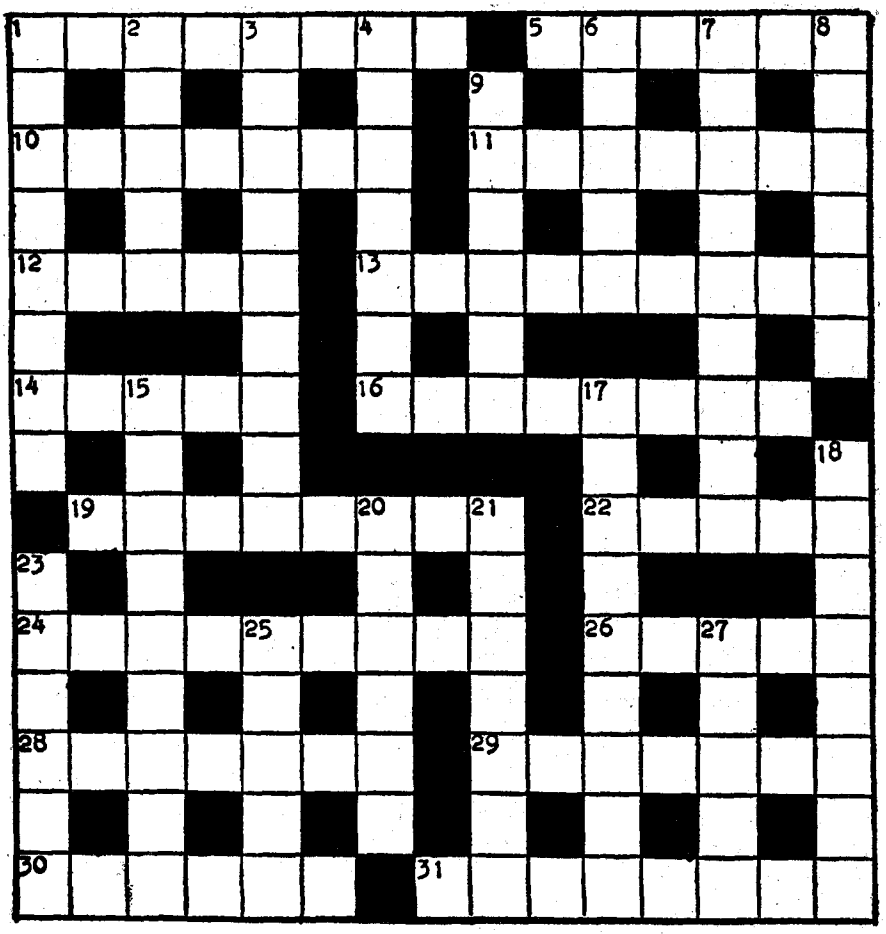
The play is intelligently performed by a well-chosen cast, particularly by Roberts Blossom as the novelist, by Ruth Hunt as his much younger wife, by George Morfogen as his son, by Roger DeKoven as his old hobo asylum crony and by Nicholas Hormann as Oswald. Arne Zaslove's direction is clean-cut and sound and Wolfgang Roth's setting is just right for the occasion. ⊏

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS
IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1611

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Work with such symbolic associations might be intriguing. (5,3,6)
10 In a vacuum tube, the negative pole changes each dot this way. (7)
11 Sets down platters, so-called. (7)
12 Weak tea by the sound of it? The other way around—but just a pinch of it! (5)
13 Such time shouldn't hang heavy, though it's really the distance that is measured. (5,4)
14 Take a big look, and this will be at the heart of it for shelter. (5)
16 It might be in dressing a boy surrounded by dirt. (5,3)
19 Leaves a band on stage, when the unexpected gate is off. (8)
24 If I were in this source, you'd see the chief attendant. (9)
26 Spoke in the plural form, as it were. (5)
28 His rank is unusual, even for one regarded as a god by some. (7)
29 Where coals may be heaped for the thankless. (7)
30 Smollett's Roderick is without definite direction. (6)
31 Do they use 4 to scatter trinkets about? (8)

DOWN

1 and 23 The end of the bird goes to one of a communistic sect, perhaps employed at the bar. (8,6)
2 and 22 One probably wouldn't employ a 1 and 23 down this way, where the circus band might be. (2,3,5)
3 Responsible for one, you might be put in a corner. (5-4)
4 Want the French to be associated with 31? (7)
6 Something worn by a Highlander race as well? (5)
7 In which there might be growing problems for the amateur. (9)
8 Move in desperation to a place at the seaside, perhaps. (6)
9 Certainly not an extravagant description. (6)
15 It's a sign a rainstorm will be there for the Music Man's girl. (9)
17 Certainly not left up as being absolute. (9)
18 Such as the privy? (8)
20 Not safe with non-professional expense. (6)
21 Perhaps found in bears, but also descriptive of certain people. (7)
25 Shrub or fish. (5)
27 This sea-dog should have been a good swimmer. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1610

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Armchair critic; 10 Annoy; 11 Scrap iron; 12 Heading; 13 Actuate; 14 Direct; 15 Huddles; 18 Hogwash; 21 Medium; 24 In style; 26 Deluded; 27 Transfers; 29 Eskimo; 30 Collides. DOWN: 1 and 17 Agatha Christie; 2 and 25 Man-eating shark; 3 Hayride; 4 Insight; 6 Reputed; 7 and 28 Terra firma; 8 Canoeist; 9 Breach; 16 Laundered; 19 Alyssum; 20 Heeded; 21 Modesto; 22 Doleful; 23 Addams.

PUBLICATIONS

FREETHINKERS and Humanists who aspire to a world free from exploitation, send 25¢ to **377 Vernon St., Oakland, CA 94610** for sample copy of **PROGRESSIVE WORLD** magazine.

For Christmas Gifts
THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
by Frank Lewis
Unique collection of wit-warpers of Books 1, 2 and 3.
Send **$4.25** (postage prepaid) to:
E.S. Lewis
25 Hubinger Street
New Haven, Conn. 06511

The World Peace Tax Fund Act offers **A LEGAL ALTERNATIVE TO PAYING WAR TAXES.** Write: **WPTF, 2111 Florida, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.**

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'
A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon
Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy
THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

MUSIC

NEW, EXPANDED CATALOG of women's, labor and other political music. Over 75 titles available by mail. Send stamp for catalog. **BREAD AND ROSES COMMUNITY MUSIC, 1724 20th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.**

FREE! AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

SERVICES

QUICK (BUT CAREFUL) MOVERS. Household or commercial. Realistic estimates. Reasonable rates. Insured. No job too small. **(212) 673-5341.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

PERSONALS

BIORHYTHMS—Achieve Your Full Potential. Understand yourself better. Physical, Emotional, Intellectual rhythms charted. 12-month set, including comprehensive explanation. Send birthdate, $5.95. **LifeCycle Bionics-N, Box 2055, Boulder, CO 80302.** Organizational inquiries encouraged.

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: $1.48 a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $14.84 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can fight crowds,
and stand on line,
and pay too much,
and get the wrong size,
and worry about delivery,
OR

Send NATION gift subscriptions

$15.00 each (10% discount if you order two or more gifts)

Try this easy way of solving your gift problems. Throughout the year, the weekly arrival of The NATION will remind friends and relatives of your thoughtfulness.

NOTE: If you are already a subscriber, you may take advantage of this Special Holiday Rate to extend your subscription for another year; if you are not, enroll now for only $15.00. Yes, one year of The NATION, America's oldest weekly, for only $15.00

SEND ONE-YEAR GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

Name	Name
Address	Address
City State Zip	City State Zip
Send gift card signed	Send gift card signed

The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

YOUR NAME HERE (Donor)

Name
Address
City State Zip
$ _____ enclosed

12-13-75

This offer good up to Jan. 1, 1976

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED